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Canada's

Weekly Newsmagazine

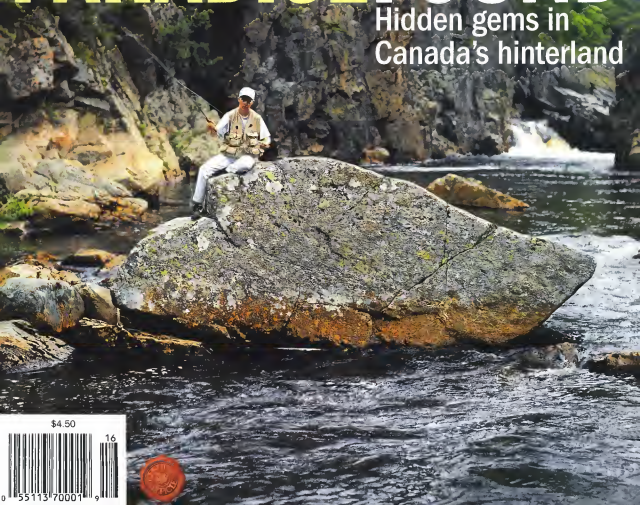
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# Maclean's

Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine

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## This Week

April 22, 2002 Vol. 115 No. 16

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### 31 COVER PARADISE FOUND

From sea to shining sea, Canada abounds in beautiful places off the beaten common road, many the sort you have to hike, paddle, cycle or fly to. As holiday season approaches, *Maclean's* showcases six of them.

### FEATURES

**16 The two sides of fear** Violent death has become a constant in the Middle East. As the terror toll and the suicide bombings continue, *Maclean's* correspondent describes how life has changed for both Israelis and Palestinians.

**54 Salween Beerday** In *Family Matters*, his eagerly awaited third novel, Toronto writer Robinson-Murray once again recreates the city of his birth. And once again he exhibits a storytelling talent as natural as breathing.



Photo: The image (top left) was shot by Peter Dinklage for *Maclean's*. Photo: (top right) by Peter Dinklage for *Maclean's*.



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## From the Editor

### The puzzle of Middle East peace

Of all the e-mails landing in from cyberspace last week, one stopped me cold. A reader in the Northwest Territories wrote that neither we nor other media outlets had answered the question about the Middle East he really cared about: "Could you," he asked, "give a simple explanation as to what the Palestinians and the Israelis are fighting over?" In a word, no. Too many people are already offering supposed answers or blarney, using front-ranked treaty opportunities to different historical interpretations or plans, unsubstantiated based—but no answer is fully satisfactory or agreed upon by all. The best explanation I've heard to date came in my anniversary days from a professor of Middle East studies, who said the problem, in judging conflicting claims, is that both sides are right.

But as we look to the present, the behaviour of both sides is clearly wrong: the only question is one of degrees. Does Palestinian use of suicide bombings justify the Israeli response of firing rockets at inhabited homes, stuffing stones, and demolishing Palestinian Authority buildings? Think carefully about your answer: these days, everyone who pronounces upon the Middle East is expected to take a side—and support it unequivocally. In some ways, that's the safe thing to do. After all, the middle ground is the worst place to be on a battlefield: both sides can shoot at you.

In a word more, both sides share a wish for self-preservation. Our coverage this week (beginning on page 10) reflects the realities of daily life spent constantly confronting death. For every story's too much fear to suspect other emotions. Ottawa's Peter Jennings, a Middle East correspondent before he became ABC's anchor, made that point on *Larry King Live* last week. "The thing that always impresses me," he said, "is how much better informed Israelis

were about their situation than many American Jews. And how much more rationally they're prepared to debate it."

Sermons across North America have historically run in favour of Israel. For the moment, that puts North America at odds not only with the Arab world, but also most of Europe (aside from Great Britain). I had a chat recently with an Israeli man who is now a writer/diplomat based in Europe, where, he said, there is "only one side to the story"—and it's pro-Palestinian.

When a regional problem becomes a global issue, other considerations are favoured into the mix. In the vague, and often contradictory statements of Jean Chrétien and Foreign Affairs Minister Bill Graham, you alternately detect worry over not offending Canada's powerful pro-Israel lobby measured against outrage at some of Israel's recent actions, along with concern about not being lumped in too closely with Washington in European eyes. Anger within George W. Bush's administration at Israel's muscle-flexing is muted by the wish to continue overall support. There's also dismay that the impulse in denying Bush the multilateral backing he needs to forcibly oust Saddam Hussein from power. In Europe, some politicians see this as an opportunity to embarrass America by showing Washington's inability to rein in its wayward ally, Israel.

So how do you explain fighting between Israelis and Palestinians? As complex as that answer is, it's equally hard to decipher the motivations of other countries lining up behind each side. And in making the situation more complicated by involving our own concerns, we realize it, inevitably, that much harder to resolve.

*Jeffrey Maclean*

responders@maclean.ca or e-mail me as From the Editor

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# Overture

Edited by Shanda Deibel with Amy Cameron

## Over and Under Achievers

### Joe's feeling free

► **Stephen Harper:** They say he's a little "ideological." Unconfronted, but how flexible does he have to be when everything's going his way?

► **Joe Clark:** As his Alliance dividend gets sent back to Harper, Joe feels "free." Any hope the Tories will be free to bid their party?

► **Saba Halasz:** Put some magic back in Montreal hockey by winning after a struggle with cancer. Now, can he capture the kids to a little playoff success?

► **Samy Gauthier:** How does Liberal leadership candidate give "his" help to *Realities* Green, an ethical, Celtic rock favourite ready for a comeback?

## Overbites

"I am being fed to my bed at the Alberta Children's Hospital. I have been sedated. I have been given drugs that interfere with my memory. I am a prisoner!" —Seven-year-old Johnna's Witness from Calgary, who is being forced to undergo blood transfusions for leukemia, lost her court appeal last week.

"The school board says that they cannot tolerate a homosexual lifestyle. The song, I don't have a lifestyle, I have a life!" —Mac Mill 17 of DeWane OHS, Altonville. He's suing the Durham Catholic District School Board, because they won't let him bring his boyfriend to the prom.



## Spotlight on the slasher

"I don't do rock," says music engine **Nash the Slash**, "since I'm still recording new stuff." This may come as a shock to those who last took of the Toronto-based musician a decade or two ago. But Nash, who adopted his name after a killer called *Chinaman* at L'Amor and Hardy, and became popular in the late 1970s with his ex-rebel rockish sound, has never stopped making music. And while it's been 20 years since he toured internationally with the likes of **Gary Numan** and **the Turtles**, this April 26-28 Nash will be the first Canadian to play the annual **Begley Karyolm International Festival**—a celebration of avant-garde

music—in St. Petersburg, Russia.

Festival organizers remembered his rock instrumental albums like *Detouring* (1981)—the first record playable at any speed—which got played on communist Polish and Russian radio stations years ago. "There were no words to create any political statement," explains Nash. As a performer, Nash always liked the idea of concealing his identity. And the 1979 Three Mile Island nuclear disaster inspired his trademark disguise. Nash began wrapping his face in surgical bandages soaked in phosphorescent paint—he glowed green when the stage lights went out, the bandages

dark, so to speak, and Nash has performed with them ever since.

A sole artist and co-founder of the progressive rock band **PM**, Nash has also scored films like Canadian cult classics *Knockout* and *Highway 62*. And most recently he's written music to accompany screenings of silent films: *The Pic Collier of Dr. Collier* (1921) and *Machete* (1925)—the latter of which he'll perform in St. Petersburg. Later this year Nash will tour Canada with Swedish band **Maven**.

**Devels:** And throughout it all he'll be wrapped in gauze. "Some people ask if I want to be like KISS and take off the makeup—take off the bandages," says Nash. "But what did KISS do a year later? Put it back on!"

**Robert Macnamara**



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## Bird bird bird—the bird is the word

The bones for groups of birds can be as tame as a clutch of chickens or as wild as a pair of eagles. While some have been in use for hundreds of years (even playing slot birds—*A Fleck of Scavenger*) others have been dumped into relative obscurity (a

joying of bird-birds). Here are some other feathered fables.

- **A cluster of crows:** Perhaps based on the folk tale that crows judge a misbehaving member of their own kind and will if found guilty kill him.
- **A bouquet of pheasants:** This do-

scription is based on the image of a group of pheasants breaking free from a corral being put to fly in at forest fires.

• **A chain of finches:** The word chain has been used for close to 500 years to describe the blundering of many birds singing.

• **A bottle of birds:** While this expression is not listed in the Oxford English Dictionary, it has been used by authors for many years.

• **A dale of doves:** To refer to a group of doves is to refer to a group of doves. The word was used to describe a group of doves being

• **A parliament of owls:** Based on the belief that owls are the wisest, we observe often in society—well, pointed and considered subtle.

• **An avianity of peacocks:** Spoken for itself. Chaucer first wrote about these peacocking peacocks in 1374 while NBC made them its symbol in 1995.

## Light up and get tossed

Thinking about lighting up a smoke can back at Glace Bay High School? Better read this. Unless, that is, you want a two-day suspension—and some help kicking your butt. It's all part of the Cape Breton High school's unique bid to slash its regular smoking



Glace Bay High busts out

high smoking rates. Latest figures show that 30 per cent of Cape Bretoners over the age of 18 are smokers—that's more than the average for Nova Scotia. Canada's worst tobacco-related prevent. "No smoking has been a school board policy forever up here," says CBHS principal John Edinger. "But everybody ignored it."

Now there's one technique for anyone who flouts the rules, after the suspension. The only way students are allowed back in class is if they sign up for the No More Butts program, which involves peer-led counseling and going on the smoke patch or chewing nicotine gum. Launched at the start of April, the program actually got one or two new recruits a week through suspension. When surprising, 50 to 60 letters have signed up voluntarily. "Now it's up to every class a pack," says 17-year-old Jeff Miller, a Grade 12 student. "I want to kick the habit, but I think I have a chance." He's already ordered his hit—down to four cigarettes a day from a pack a day. Proof that Glace Bay High kids bust.

John DeMaio



## Surf's up!

For athletes, one boat, two me: one unit, one legions expert and plenty of cold, ice, water and wind. All the ingredients for a new Canadian sport—water-walking. "We are water people," laughs *Paul Piquet*, referring to his Quebec-based home of *Deux Martin*. 45, a champion high speed water skier Martin with *Fredrick Brown* 49, former Canadian water-skiing champion *Jean-François Gosselin*, 38, and *Dr. Lawrence Piquet* 41.

Gary Piquet, 35, who skied Antigua in 1997.

Piquet said Martin had kicked around the idea for years. Then in 1998, after searching for the perfect body of water—no without large ice flows—the group of friends gathered at the Glace Bay of St. Anne-de-Belleval, just west of Montreal. They shipped an skin and water skis in water as cold that the currents were the only thing keeping a man from being "That is the beauty of it," says Piquet, 39. "It is cold enough to keep

and the water skiers and send a lot of those few who will be out on it."

Now Piquet and his crew plan on holding an annual water-walking event to raise money for charity. They are also hoping to encourage people to take water as cold as they can meet against each other. "You've got to be in shape because we're hard," says Piquet. "And you need the will and the courage to do it." Not to mention a few loose wires.

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Over to You MEE THURNHAM

## California dreamin'



I left because I was curious. Naively, I returned my family and friends that I would never leave home again. However, once settled in Sweden, I gained a new sense of place. In the summer, I had taken a folk festival with my spinet (key-board) to the folk, I learned to dance local polkas to the folk, I wandered in the well-managed forest. In the winter, I slipped on my Swedish flag-like slats to race the 80-km mile passage from Uppsala to Stockholm. But every spring, I returned to California for a visit.

Years passed. My parents, too old to manage, sold the farm, sacrificing my childhood home to suburban sprawl.

Downsides, nightmare cliffs kept people at home, "laid" from garbage and rising gang wars. Jim and I had had had from Sweden many years earlier. Jim was making movie videos. Previously unimpressive to me, California had begun to feel angry, and I was older. One spring, as I drove to my parents' vacation home in Bolinas, a stranger tried to force my car off the road. That same day, I saw the unknown woman for the first time. Sadly, she made perfect sense to me. I took refuge in her need to communicate with environmental beings.

I had imagined again by then, to Google, Our I was adapting to, and learning to love, a new place. I had exchanged my Swedish blades for hockey skates. My Swedish home on the wall, while my living house and I had not just moved. I had taken up canoeing, and found secret mountain spots accessible only by water. Many of my new Canadian friends had also been born in another country—of me, their parents had. We understood one another. I found a reference among them that encouraged the freedom of self I had only imagined in 60s California. I was, I am, at home in Canada.

But still, I came back to California every spring, though I now bring my mug to Bolinas and the north coast. Some sense of endless possibility lingers. The beauty still surrounds me, the weather could not be more lovely. This morning, something on the deck, I overheard a talk show blaring from the speaker's radio across the road. The show's hostess laughed as she related the story of a father who had beaten his 12-year-old stepdaughter for disturbing him while he watched a video. The call-in voice suggested shooting somebody, perhaps everybody. Weeping, I wonder where the unknown woman has gone. ■

*My Thurnham is a professor of university epidemiology at the University of Guelph and an official motorcycle racing champion.*

# The Week That Was



## THE FINAL FAREWELL

The nightmare spate of public indifference that Britons proved them wrong as they paid their respects to Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. As many as 400,000 lined London streets as his coffin was taken to lie in state at Westminster Hall. Waiting in queues for up to 12 hours, people forced officials to keep the hall open day and night. "We are the silent majority," one mourner said, "waiting with our feet." On the evening before the funeral, her four grand sons, led by Prince Charles, stood guard in a 20-minute vigil over the Queen Mum's coffin. In a televised broadcast, Queen Elizabeth II said she was "deeply moved" by the outpouring of affection.

Accompanied by the mixed pines and muffled drums of 13 regiments, the Queen Mum's coffin was then taken the short distance to Westminster Abbey. There, Irish Guardsmen slowly carried the coffin—covered with her personal standard and topped with her crown and



a wreath from her daughter toward the altar. After the funeral, a million people came out to watch as the coffin was transported to Windsor Castle. There, as St. George's Chapel she was buried beside her husband, King George VI, who died in 1952. The copies of their daughter, Princess Margaret, were also returned there. Her Queen the surviving member of "the pair" as George VI called her freely lived the wreath from her mother's coffin placed on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Westminster Abbey—where the Queen Mother placed her wedding bouquet 75 years ago.



## POMP AND SPECTACLE

Matthew's Maidenhead, a native of Clipping Sodbury in Gloucestershire, England. Her home to be among those paying their respects to the Queen Mother. Her obvious bias from behind the barriers.

The Queen Mother's funeral on April 9 was a triumph of organization and spectacle. As we knew it would be. The weather was on her side as the sun broke through the overcast morning. Nurse Collette Carver and her son, Jonathan, 34, and Matthew 31, were among the

onlookers. They made the trip from their village of Whitford, 450 km north of London, because the boys had never been to the capital and because, Carver said, she was over come by "an overwhelming sense of history and that this was an exceptional family of a lifetime."

The crowd was respectful but, clearly, life was there, after all, to say goodbye to a lady who had lived a long, full life. People were moved not so much to love as expressions of sympathy for Queen Elizabeth II and her family and sincere appreciation for all that the Queen Mother meant to the nation. They cheered about, another big question in Britain—why does Billy Blair act as presidential—and speculated about the future of Camille Parker Bowles. Why attended the funeral of the Queen's ancestor. Amid the pomp and pageantry, it was evident that the intertwined lives of Charles and Diana produced the two royal sons of London, princes William and Harry who, given time, should ensure that the royal family lives to reign another day.







## 'REMEMBERING THE SACRIFICES MADE'

**P**ast Minister of Ottawa led about his age when he arrived in the city in 1911. Now a 121-year-old veteran of the First World War, he was among the dozens of soldiers, dignitaries and spectators who participated in the 84th anniversary of the battle of Vimy Ridge at the War Memorial in Ottawa and in southwestern

France of the moving Vimy monument. "I feel glad that people are remembering the sacrifices that were made," the frail, retired civil servant said as he joined a cold spring morning in the sunlit capital.

The ceremony, with a trumpet sounding the last post and a pipe playing a lament,

marked the 84th anniversary of April 9, 1917—Easter Monday last year—when the Canadian Corps started the ridge, a key location of the Battle of Vimy in France. Four Canadian divisions, fighting together for the first time, took only three days to secure the entire ridge that had threatened British and French armies through repeated attacks. The Canadians suffered 35,000 casualties, including 3,594

dead. The victory soon took on mythic proportions, with Canadians saying it forged Canada as a nation. Veterans Affairs Minister Ray Chanaiya, noting that next of kin of the war have died, said Canadians must never forget the story of Vimy Ridge and the cost who fought there. "The sense of remembrance" he said, "is now passed to air for our children and our children's children."

## Another murder charge

Investigators found human remains at the Fort Cavalliere, B.C., pit, facts that have become the focus of the investigation into the disappearance of 50 women that the study across of Vancouver's Downtown. It was the first time that police, who previously said they were collecting DNA samples at the firm, confirmed they had found body parts. But authorities did not identify the remains, and declined to say whether the discovery was directly related to another murder charge laid last week against Robert Pickton. 52 who co-owns the firm with his siblings. Pickton—already charged in the deaths of five missing women—was

charged with the first-degree murder of Andrea Leckey, who was 22 when she disappeared last June. Pickton's preliminary hearing will begin on May 4.

## Bullying and suicide

David Pridel, a popular 15-year-old student at Walnut, committed suicide after reportedly being bullied repeatedly by a gang of teenagers. According to Pridel's classmates and some adults who knew him, the gang was demanding money from the boy, perhaps as much as \$80 a day. Pridel's death is only one of a number of recent developments to draw attention to the problems of bullying and harassment at schools. Earlier this week, the B.C. Human

Rights Tribunal ruled that North Vancouver school officials discriminated against a student by failing to stop homophobic attacks against him at the end of 1990s.

## Security woes

Security experts worried with alarm to reports that narcotic dealers would. Law enforcement officials that will be used for the G8 summit on June 26 and 27 have been available at the summit since Feb. 22. The information included 32 diligences, growing buildings around Calgary and Vancouver, Alta., including the most positions of surveillance cameras, meeting rooms and security stations. Experts called the New site a serious breach of security—

and an embarrassment for Canada. Canadian authorities said the site would be threat-free, but the materials pulled.

## Peaceful comments

Michael Prokhorov, whose firm plays have been fighting since 1982 to create a separate homeland in northeastern St. Lawrence, made his first public appearance in 12 years to say he was "seriously and seriously committed to peace." While the rebel leader says he was "ready to go to war" demands for an independent St. Lawrence, he said he may settle for a separate autonomy. Prokhorov's firm, based in Vancouver, had won the referendum, which came after a

## YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

Greenpeace activists climbed atop the roof of Ralph Klein's Calgary campaign and set up two 100 watt solar panels. They made the protest, they said, because of the Alberta premier's opposition to the Kyoto Accord, an international agreement to reduce greenhouse gases that Ottawa is being pressured to ratify. Solar power is the sort of clean, renewable energy the accord will foster, according to the environmentalists who later struggled with police by dismantling the panels.

Klein, who believes the Kyoto agreement will result in job losses and force Albertans to pay higher energy bills—has said he will not allow the province's economy to be stopped by it.



But what inspired him about last week's stunt was the fact that his wife Colleen, who was in the house alone with their dog Jerry, was frightened by the commotion. "Nobody's home ought to be public property," said Klein, who declined to press charges.

tion of war crimes suspects. Last week also stained the location of the International Criminal Court, the first permanent international tribunal to deal with war crimes. It will be based in The Hague.

**Don't pack yet**  
The Mexican senate threw a wrench into President Vicente Fox's plans, denying him permission to visit Calgary, Vancouver, Seattle and San Francisco. It was the first time the country's legislature, which first appeared in presidential tours outside of Mexico stopped a leader from travelling abroad. Many senators said the move was in reaction to Fox's growing success with the United States. Fox's alliance with the U.S. is "independent and unbreakable," said one legislator.

## Shredding Andersen

The Arthur Andersen partner responsible for massive document shredding at Enron Corp. pleaded guilty to obstruction of justice. Heirs significantly David Dennis, who was fired from the accounting firm in January, agreed to become a star witness at a pending criminal trial against his former employer over its shredding of the bankrupt energy company's records. Andersen, who had off 7,000 U.S. employees last week to try to purge its way out of the criminal charges.

## BCE's battles

Shaw in beleaguered telecom giant BCE Inc., a staple of many Canadian mutual funds, stepped over more over concerns about the debt of its subsidiary Bell Canada Inc. The stock, worth \$24.50 on March 14, had fallen by nearly a third to \$23.97 by April 22. BCE said it was considering its options on the international long-distance carrier including debt restructuring. On another front, BCE's Bell Canada phone company announced an aggressive campaign to take an rival Telus Corp. on its home turf in B.C. and Alberta with the formation of a new company, Bell West Inc.

## Passages

**Born:** Canadian musician Suzie MacLachlan gave birth to a baby girl last in Vancouver with her husband and drummer. **Arrived:** **Swedish** was the signature of the successful ex-woman Ulfar Fox. **Midwifery:** 34 incidents in a breakfast recording since announcing her pregnancy in October.



**Died:** Born in Glenside, N.S., Rev. Andy Jones walked as a minister before studying theology. He is known as "Father Andy" when he taught religion and Latin and coached football and hockey at St. Francis Xavier University in Antigonish, N.S.—was the first priest ever elected to Parliament when he was 34, at age 76, at the Halifax County Regional Rehabilitation Centre after a long illness.

**Resigned:** After only seven months on the job, former PMO aide Jean Carr, 36, is leaving his post as executive vice-president of the Montreal-based Perle Group. A statement noted that he was leaving for "personal reasons."

**Awarded:** Author, and Rogers Communications Inc. historian, Les Anthony, 32, has won the \$5,000, 2001 Backlist Book of the Year Award for his debut and his novel, *After the*.

Norwegian-brokered ceasefire in the civil war that has claimed more than 64,500 lives. Analysts said the development could mean that peace talks scheduled for May could succeed.

## Chaos in Venezuela

After violent street protests in which at least 13 people died and some 110 were injured, Venezuelan president Hugo Chavez resigned under pressure from the country's military. The Venezuelan crisis on the third day of a general strike that business and labor groups had called to protest new measures proposed by the way for the arrest and extradition.

## Vancouver protesters bring the streets of Caracas





## Choices for Book Day

Several years ago, the lean and hungry Ontario journalist Lawrence Martin wrote to the *Windsor Star* of Canada—the day-one critic for indigenous Ontario—with an idea. Why not, for one day a year, ask every Canadian to go out and buy a book, any book, any subject, even a book that hadn't been selected yet. The *Star* later gave the bright proposal and so, this past April 23 has been designated the seventh annual Canada Book Day.

It's a well-deserved, promising 11 months' notice before readers, to some bound-down reader who then can afford possibly a midday of joy. Your publisher often sends a big bag of books for April 23.

The finest book published in the past 12 months is *Churchill: A Biography*, by Roy Jenkins (University of Toronto Press). It details how the often struggling schoolboy educated himself by voraciously reading.

It's a long story, at 912 pages, but worth every page of it. Lord Jenkins is certainly no idler, being a former Labour chancellor of the exchequer, but he is accurately concludes that the fat guy with the cigar who was larger than life was "the greatest human being ever to occupy 10 Downing Street."

In the same sort of league of giants—it's all propaganda after all—is *The Chief: The Life of William Randolph Hearst* by academic David Nasaw (Houghton). The man who did "sensational" before that word was invented—in the 1870s, he owned (during those his parties well) 28 newspapers, a Hollywood studio, radio stations and magazines. First a populist aiming for the White House, then a leading enemy of Franklin D. Roosevelt and his interventionism. Now dead, he often depicted his wife and children and dozens of mansions on endless acres of Europe while he remained with mistress Marion Davies in his leisure San Simeon estate in California.

A welcome book, confirming what we always suspected, is *Shakespeare: Exploping the Real Jew* fiction, by investigative reporter Kenneth R. Tremont (National Book Network), revealing among other things that the "Reverend" who until 2000 had no credentials to support that title did not, to his shame, conflict with Jesus Martin Luther King at his death but instead saw blood on his sweater before appearing on TV.

A surprising book is *The Future Jew*, by Maimon Michael Cava (MORF Press), whose previous two books on Jewish smuggling and modern art were well reviewed. As not a Jew, this reviewer finds difficult Cava's view that Jews have not done enough to incorporate the Holocaust experience into their religious. But Jewish Soul of Baltimore's Jewish Cultural

Center writes that "Cava's arguments are compelling and his conclusions inescapable. His elegant writing has created a wondrous Holocaust Haggadah that is more moving and penetrating than any religious ceremony could be."

Most hilarious name is *The Doctor of Renaissance* (Routledge), recently edited by *The New Yorker* John Lahr. First, who smoked himself to death, was the most brilliant First Son, then came this since G.B. Shaw. He was a close friend of Mark Twain, who told him of his 1962 visit to the White House. Jack Kennedy gave him a drink and said—on being 6:30 p.m.—"I hope you took in a hurry." This doesn't give us much time. "Madame, 16 years older," "No, Jack, I pass it down." "Jack took the superior position," and a wit all over evenly and everyone. "If Jack, did only in a crowd, second that man doctor man to finish."

Madame's car to get her to the Stoker Hotel engagement and then asked, "Did you ever make a lady your father?" "No, Jack, I never did." "Well," he replied, "that's one place I'm in first." See never saw him again.

Another excellent book is *Harlequin: The Unparalleled Story of Vancouver's Newspaper Magnate* (New Star Books), with a foreword courtesy of Pierre

Bernard by communications professor Mark Edge explaining how Southam, despite owning both of Vancouver's papers, somehow couldn't make them consistently profitable.

Most poignant of all is historian Steven Weintraub's *Night: The Story of the World War I Christmas Truce* (Doubleday), detailing how on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day 1914, the warring soldiers in field trenches went out against officers' orders and shook hands, exchanged gifts, sang, danced, even played soccer—and then went back the next morning with instructions to kill each other.

Most touching of all is Catherine Alexander's *The Enduring Shackleton: Legendary Antarctic Explorer* (Random House). Detailing how the Irish-born explorer Sir Ernest, mapped on ice for 13 months, his team mission was to meet every one of his 27 men, gas them all back alive to London only to find them in the middle of the 1914-1918 mission. With emotions lying dead in the barbed fields of Europe, their survival story got a cool reception.

We cannot avoid, since this new magazine readership forgot to review this book, Kay Patzer's *\*\*\*\*\* Secret Retention of Fieser's Father*—(the title) successive best-seller in the series—filled with sex, lust, incest, intrigues, scandals and possibly some politics.

## Maclean's

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## THE TWO SIDES OF FEAR

Violent death is a constant in the lives of both Israelis and Palestinians

*The eastern cities of Bethlehem and Hebron are filled with rubble. Families dig under and bulldozers hunt for explosives as the Israeli army advances its offensive in Palestinian areas. Since the military action began on March 29, defence forces have detained more than 4,000 suspects. Hundreds of Palestinians have also been killed, including at least 200 during a five-day battle with the Israeli in the Jenin refugee camp. More than 40 Israeli buses have been killed, 23 of them army reserves caught in an elaborate ambush involving explosives and gunfire. George W. Bush and Secretary of State Colin Powell in the region in an attempt to negotiate a ceasefire. But Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon said he intends to keep fighting until he has crushed the terrorism, something*

*many experts believe is impossible. Muscular adviser was of its correspondents in the region, Eric Silver in Jerusalem and Marianne Shubin in Ramallah, to describe how life has changed on both sides. Their report:*

**T**hese days, Maya Wine, an Israeli art student whose parents moved from Vancouver to Jerusalem in 1965, is very choosy about where she hangs out. Like other Israelis, she and her friends try to stay one step ahead of the Palestinians' suicide bombers and gunmen who killed 125 Israelis in March alone, and more than 500 since they launched their intifada 18 months ago. It is a potentially deadly guessing game: on the evening of March 9, a 20-year-old Hamas assassin

from a West Bank refugee camp blew himself up at Monna, Wine's favourite Jerusalem coffee shop, killing 11 young Israelis aged 22 to 31.

Wine, 28, was not there, but the blast killed two of her friends. Every little noise now makes her jump, she says. She doesn't dare board a bus—one was attacked in March, barely 200 m from her parent's house in Jerusalem's French Hill suburb. The bombers prefer crowded, high-profile places, so Wine picks small, obscure cafes or bars and realizes that they have security guards checking for suspicious-looking guys. Even then, she and her friends never sit next to a window, where they could be exposed to flying glass from a bomb going off in the street. And every-

where, the conversation turns to the attacks. "Some of us lost friends," she told Maclean's over coffee in a tiny restaurant guarded by a metal gate. "We went to the friends. We talk about what's next. We talk about death and about dealing with death."

Ariel Sharon has now sent in the army in an attempt to root out the bombers in Palestinian cities and refugee camps. Washington has demanded that Israel pull back its troops. But Ehud Cohen, a 27-year-old Jerusalem architect, reflects the mood of his country when he says Sharon must ignore George W. Bush and crush the terrorism. "The world doesn't understand the fear of losing your life here," says Cohen. "Either you're going to live or be a dead body lying in the street. It's very close to everybody."

That fear has changed the way Israelis live. Perhaps the most telling indicator is that for most civilians are carrying personal weapons, mostly pistols drawn into waistbands. Some, if they have come into

Jerusalem from the West Bank settlements, may be seeing Uzi submachine guns or M-16 assault rifles. Views have hardened—even many former backers of the 1993 Oslo peace accord with the Palestinians have now become disenchanted and side with Sharon. "We couldn't go on living with terror like this," says Hui Malian, 27, outside his modest clothing store in downtown Jerusalem. "The Palestinians think they can hit us as they please and nothing will happen to them. If they want to fight, let them fight soldiers, not women and children."

Wine's father Ben once supported the peace process. Two years ago, the 62-year-old lawyer believed that Israel would someday be living in peace alongside a Palestinian state. At the time, Ehud Barak, then the Labour prime minister, made Anwar al-Arafat offer that Ben Wine judged far better than many people in Israel thought he should have made. "Better than negotiating," Wine says bitterly. Arafat unleashed violence. Wine is now hoping the

**Wine (in white) with friends in Jerusalem (far left); at the scene of the April 12 suicide bombing in Jerusalem**

army will be able to contain the suicide bombers until a more accommodating Palestinian regime emerges. "All we can do is drive them off the instruments of terror," he says. "And then force them off and do everything we can to ensure that no weapons go to them until there is a change of heart in Arab society."

But in Sharon's Operation Defensive Shield, named the end of its second week, it was clear the military would not be able to completely crush the terrorism. In the northern Israeli city of Hebron, eight people were killed and 16 injured when a suicide bomber set off an explosion in a packed bus. Two days later a female suicide bomber blew herself up at a bus stop in Jerusalem's crowded outdoor market, killing six people and wounding almost 50. The militant Islamic group Hamas claimed responsibility for the first attack in



an announcement on its Web site: "To Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon and his generals, we have shown that there is no Defensive Shield."

Many beleaguered Israelis now fear that the army may have to pull out under U.S. pressure before soldiers complete their mission. If the fighting isn't controlled soon, the turmoil could destroy U.S. hopes of Arab states acquiescing to—if not supporting—a military offensive to oust Saddam Hussein in Iraq. But Israeli, recalling the American reaction to the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks, fears Bush's interference. "If it was Bush, he'd have levelled the whole of the West Bank," says Brian Wine. "I think he's got a bloody nerve telling us to stop going after the terrorists when he admits that Arafat has no intent or willingness to stop the terror."

**A**s Israeli tanks prepared to leave Ramallah in February, a soldier climbed down from one of the steel behemoths and scowled a warning on a stone wall. "We will be back," tanks

packed outside your front door need to make you pay attention, so after they pulled out I took precautions, stocking my kitchen cupboards with several weeks' worth of canned food and even a few bottles of my favourite red wine. But I made one mistake. I left Ramallah for Beirut just days before the Israeli army swept back in on March 29. Now, my tiny one-bedroom home, just a 30-minute drive from Jerusalem, might as well be 10,000 miles away, because Palestinians, no matter how innocent, are not being allowed through the ring of tanks surrounding the city.

Behind the Israeli armour encircling every major Palestinian community and refugee camp on the West Bank, thousands of people have been arrested and their homes searched for weapons. Hundreds have died at the hands of the soldiers. In some cases, families were allowed out of their homes for just a few hours to bury their dead. Houses have been bulldozed and everywhere the streets are clogged with the rubble of shattered buildings.

I desperately want to go home to my lovely garden full of gaudy and patches of merrymaking, thyme and mint. It overlooks the rolling hills of the West Bank, covered with olive trees—the Holy Land in its most serene form. Will peace ever return to the land where the prophets taught us to love our fellow man? Perhaps, but as I wait in Jerusalem, I see no end to the fighting. I fill my hours worrying about my friends and neighbours in Ramallah, like Amer Shalhoup, a lawyer, who is so upset by the devastation that he refuses to leave his house. "I do not want to see the city in destruction," he told me over the phone. "I will have canned food I can live on."

I tried to return. But at the checkpoint, a soldier fired a burst of shots just above my head. "Go back," he said in Hebrew. I looked at him, half-pleading, half-defiant, and then returned. On the way back to Jerusalem, I called Sari Hanafi, a sociologist and friend in Ramallah, to tell him I hadn't made it through, and that he would have to do without the fruit I had promised to bring him. "That's OK," he



said. "I am surviving with my lentil soup, to which I add a different condiment every day—black pepper, white pepper, red pepper."

In a bid to watch the civilian infrastructure in the city, Israeli troops took over most of the private radio and TV stations and destroyed broadcast equipment. According to Waleed Abdallah, a producer with the U.S.-funded Palestinian Educational Television, they also seized broadcasting photographic films from one of the few stations left intact. "With people stuck inside, you can imagine what havoc that is doing to the families," he told me. When the curfew was briefly lifted, Abdallah tried to go to his station. But when he arrived there was a tank blocking the entrance and a soldier warned him off. Another friend, Amira Hani, told me to expect the worst when I finally made a home. "You won't recognize the city," she said. "When they lifted the curfew yesterday some people found the remains of their cars on the sides of the road. Some didn't even look

like vehicles, they were just run over by the tanks for no apparent reason."

Children have been traumatized, says Majdi al-Mulki, a professor at Bir Zeit University. His daughter Dalin, 4, was stunned when an Israeli shell exploded near their house. The following day al-Mulki fled to his sister's home and the army sealed his house and used it as a dormitory for 70 soldiers who camped out on the floor. "When the army left, our house was in total disaster," he said. "They even used the room as toilets." But al-Mulki, who has returned to his home, is refusing to leave the West Bank. "We need to stay," he said. "There are too many refugees already."

Last I drove to Bethlehem to report on the fighting there. I had spent almost two years working on a development project to give the city a facelift for the millennium celebrations. On that historic New Year's Eve, 2,000 doves had been released over Manger Square in a message of peace. Now I found myself walking past Israeli tanks as I moved toward Manger Square the de-

**A destroyed building in the centre of Ramallah (far left); Israeli tanks on the streets of the besieged West Bank city**

struction was overwhelming. Every single car in the path of the tanks had been crushed, many had been broken into and water pipes dug up. Few people were brave enough to step onto the streets. "We can't leave the house, we are afraid of the tanks," a woman called down to me from her window. "It's too dangerous."

The sound of gunfire and tank fire reverberated in the empty streets. Palestinian fighters were losing the Israeli army leave they would not take the city without a battle, while Israeli were determined to crush the resistance. Inside the Church of the Nativity, the cradle of Christianity, several dozen priests and nuns were huddled up with some 120 Palestinian fighters. The stand-off continued as I returned back to Jerusalem. Now I spend much of the day in front of the television or on the Internet, analyzing information about the conflict that has engulfed my world.



Noyek is a pioneering intermediary.

## BRAINS OVER BRAWN

Arab and Israeli scientists are working together

BY ROBERT SHEPPARD

**S**omeday, maybe not for a while yet, Israeli tanks will pull out of the West Bank. Palestinian gunmen will quiet their weapons and a dancing of peace will settle on the Middle East. That's when *Amr's* Army will really spring into action.

Nearly 600 strong, it's already in place in strategic locales in Israel, neighbouring Jordan and the Palestinian territories. Some of its medical teams, scientists, doctors and other health workers—*Arabs and Israelis*—based in Canada. And all of them are tied in a gentle way to this country, largely through the efforts of one man: Dr. Arnold Noyek, head of the oncology and thoracic department at Toronto's Mount Sinai Hospital who, even at 64, is a veritable fount of energy.

Dr. Amr—Duhlan born, he came to Canada as a refugee—does not much look the part of a commander-in-chief, and certainly doesn't see himself that way. A simple man whose motto offhandedly reads: "I'm a doctor who talks off apologetic voice-mail messages in the middle of the night." Noyek is more like a Jewish leprechaun, someone who spends a little happy time wherever he goes. And this includes the Middle East, where his insatiable networking has created a bonanza of like-minded do-gooders to combat a disorder that transcends even the rough borders of ethnic, racial, ideological divisions.

Because of tribal animosity, hearing loss is particularly pronounced in the entire Arab population: early studies suggest it may be 10 times more prevalent than in

North America. Noyek's medical duty—funded by the Canadian International Development Agency, a Swiss foundation, but mostly by his own passion—is spending roughly \$450,000 a year, much of that to train Arab and Israeli health workers in the screening and treatment of newborns for deafness. And to conduct, often discreetly, joint research and how-to sessions—even so war-torn.

"This couldn't have worked without the Canadian umbrella," says Noyek. "Otherwise it's very difficult to have Arabs and Israelis come together over for scientific meetings." The Canadian connection means Arab and Israeli scientists can study together at Mount Sinai and the University of Toronto. It also allows for practical information—including, once, an entire medical school curriculum—no flow between Arab and Jewish medical centres, with Toronto as a distant intermediary.

"Our job is not to try to make peace happen," says Noyek. "We're just trying to forge the personal relationships for when it does." Firmly, personal relationships are where it all began. As a young doctor, Noyek treated members of the Shalman family for hearing loss. Their charity, the Saul A. Shalman Family Foundation, became his main backer and the impetus for what is now called the Canadian International Scientific Exchange Program.

One early project was helping medical engineers from Russia return for life in Israel. This was followed by a network linking, reportedly isolated, Israeli academics with colleagues in North and South Amer-

## Canada and the World

ica. Then, a year after Israel and Jordan signed their 1994 peace agreement, the late King Hussein summoned Noyek to Amman to discuss scientific exchanges. "How do you say no to a king?" asks Noyek. How do you say no to Amr, most of his colleagues would reply.

From that trip eventually grew the program calling for Jordanian, Palestinian, Israeli and Canadian audiologists to screen 12,000 Arab and Israeli newborns by 2004. Mount Sinai had been leading the charge for Ontario-wide screening so Noyek had the know-how and the connections to come up with screening kits, sign language programs and donated hearing aids for the Middle East.

Still, even with royal patronage, there was headfist. The Jordanian Medical Association initially discussed to revoke the licences of members who met professionally with Israeli colleagues. But the Jordanian government stood firm. And the new King Abdullah has affirmed one of his health policy advisers, 32-year-old, Harvard-educated Prince Firas bin Rashid, as patron of the project. The prince's task: "We've been saying all along that our involvement in hearing loss is symbolic because the region has been exhibiting hearing loss in the political sense for the last few decades."

Firas says there have been discussions to broaden the screening program to other Arab countries, when someone says: "This is a unique program and Canada has certainly gained the trust of a lot of people in the region, particularly in Jordan," says the prince. "Friendships are vital. You can see that at the leadership level. If you don't have them, things break down."

To date, the exchange program has brought almost 30 visiting scholars to Canada. It has also arranged for more than 500 Arab and Israeli professionals to meet face to face in the Middle East on joint projects. And it is on the verge of installing a telemedicine hookup to allow the exchange of information between doctors in the region and those in Canada—bypassing the bureaucratic middlemen. Is this the new model of science, science before politics? "It's certainly worth investigating," says Firas. Noyek is equally cautious. For him this network is a complex fabric of relationships, delicately woven and very personal. Because that is who he is: "I'm an 18-year-old Israeli guy," he says. "I'm an old joke. He's out, gone and there, remember."



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## 'The knives will be out'

For Joe Clark, the right has gone a little wrong

BY JOHN GEDDES in Ottawa

They could hardly be less alike. Stephen Harper, the newly minted Canadian Alliance leader, is an articulate, fast-talking, steeped in the old Canadian political virtues of compromise and coalition-building, a not-yet-new-wave to make of him. Joe Clark, the rejected would-be successor of the Progressive Conservatives, is a pragmatist of the more familiar politician-by-committee approach that convinced the Charlottetown Accord, and the talkative, consensus-seeking instincts that led him to appear the Clarity Act. It was no surprise when, after just a single meeting last week, the leaders of the two right-of-centre parties gave up on trying to somehow join forces.

Less predictable than the ease itself was the way it was incorporated. Harper was widely declared the winner. Not long ago, that conclusion would not have seemed so obvious. After all, the idea that uniting the right is the only way to combat the federal Liberals has thrived to harder on orthodoxy. During Harper's recent campaign to deny Stockwell Day a second life as Alliance leader, many pun-



Harper has left the Tories a poor head

Harper was rendered even weaker by the collapse of his coalition with diehards who had fed the Alliance during Day's tenure. Seven former Alliance MPs, calling themselves the Democratic Representative Caucus, were allied with Clark's Tories. But last week, six of them readily accepted a limited-term offer from Harper to rejoin the Alliance, leaving only Manitoba's Indy Mark alone in an independent aligned with the Conservatives. The return of the original MPs capped a triumph for the close-knit as leader for Harper. Some of them had previously been bitterly critical of him. Deborah Grey, who recently declared she saw no future for the Alliance with Harper at the helm, suddenly found him a changed man. "It's wonderful to see how he's grown because he is a father and a husband now," Grey said.

Call that the family-values view of Harper's new home. Whatever its source, his appeal on his western home turf can be taken for granted. Potential for a breakthrough in Ontario, though, is far less clear. Still, some power-brokers in the most populous province are warming to him. Bob Dechert, a Toronto lawyer prominent in marshalling business pressure for an end to vote-splitting on the right, and Harper's grand gesture toward unity won over big money donors who previously "had some concerns about him." But Dechert denounced Clark's approach last week as a "delay, delay, delay" strategy.

Clark admits potential business supporters are "tiring" on their wallets. "The question now is how deep discounters in his party. One veteran Conservative organizer and Clark supporter predicted "the knives will be out" for him before a mandatory leadership review vote at the party's convention in August. For Clark, uniting the right is no longer the issue, if it was ever. Clinging to his little piece of it is.



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# THE FAMILY'S VALUE

New bosses are emerging at key Atlantic firms—but the names are familiar



BY JOHN DEMONE

**H**ow do you make the world notice a 130-year-old company that's never really left small-town New Brunswick? For Canada's oldest independent fine chocolate-maker, the secret is a fresh, 29-year-old face with a familiar last name. Meet Bryana Ganong, the great-granddaughter of Ganong Bros. Ltd. co-founder James Ganong. She grew up in St. Stephen, within sight of the family's factory. After high school, she left to attend a series of universities and see some of the world, then, five years ago, returned to join Ganong's marketing department. Now she smiles out from the company's print and television ads, her well-scrubbed features serving as the public face of the fifth plant to generate bigger markets beyond Atlantic Canada. "This new public role takes some getting used to," she concedes. "But I'm the fifth generation of our family in the business and this feels very natural."

Good thing she feels comfortable. There's no free ride for the sons of Atlantic Canada's rich corporate clans. If your last name is Irving or McCain, Sobey or Jockey, Ganong or Oland, you can forget about kicking back and working on your short game at Pebble Beach. Your birthright, along with untold millions in the bank, is an awesome responsibility to keep the family empire running smoothly for the generations to follow. Bryana may well meet that just a mid-level manager. But David East (they like to keep business in the family, with the exception of the provincial telecommunications and power utilities, virtually all of the region's big corporate entities are family-owned firms that haven't surrendered control or profits to outsiders. "It's the Maritime culture," says Larry Armstrong, director of the University of New Brunswick's Centre for International Leadership and once head of the Irving family's Saint John, N.B., shipyard. "Elsewhere, it's more about

Glenn Patrick (left), Derek and Andrew founder Susanash (right)

building companies and selling them off. Here, most entrepreneurs want to control their own destiny." And the new generations bearing those old names seem as determined as ever to keep it that way.



That's always a challenge, even if the big Maritime business clans have generally managed to rebuke the normal pattern for North American family-owned firms: one generation makes the money, the second generation manages it, the third blows it. But the third generation of the Olands—who trace their business roots to 1867 when Susanash Oland began brewing ale in her backyard—now wants to Moore-

head Breweries Ltd., the family-owned business in Saint John. That's one generation better than the multi-billion dollar Irving family empire, which got its start when Kenneth Colin (K.C.) Irving's father James opened his first sawmill and general store in Buctouche, N.B., in the 1880s. The fourth generation of the secretive Jockey family—which controls a

who teaches management at Halifax's Dalhousie University, "is handling intergenerational change."

Most of the big Atlantic family firms have passed that test with flying colours. Bryana Ganong, for instance, can follow her lineage straight back to James and Gilbert Ganong, who opened a small meat and grocery store in 1875 and tried selling oysters and soap

family's mammoth pulp and paper operations in eastern Canada, despite a recent bout of prostate cancer, Arthur remains president of Irving Oil, which recently announced a \$1-billion expansion of its Saint John refinery. Jack, the youngest of the trio, is said to play little of a role in the company business but still lives in Saint John.

Their children, though, have already taken up the family torch. "You have to advance the job the family has done passing on the same goals and values to who ever comes next," marvels one close Irving associate. The generally acknowledged leader of the current wave is J.K.'s son James D., the oldest son of an older son in a family where seniority counts for a lot. At 51, he runs the day-to-day affairs of J.D. Irving as president. His younger brother Robert is also viewed as an heir-apparent: he runs Coverdale Foods, a frozen food line, and is president of Irving Trustee, which last year made a leap into the big leagues by buying Procter & Gamble's Toronto tissue plant. J.K.'s daughters—Judith, who owns New Brunswick's biggest public relations and marketing firm, and Mary-Jean, who runs packaging plants in Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick—are also in the family business.

But in this male-dominated clan, they're unlikely ever toasty as much closer as their cousins, who are equally well-represented throughout the Irving ranks. Arthur's sons, Arthur Leigh and Kenneth, both work for the oil arm. Jack's oldest son John, who holds a Harvard MBA, helps Jim Jr. run the publishing division. Even the first number of the newest generation has joined the empire—Jim Jr.'s oldest son, James, 24, who holds a masters in journalism from New York's Columbia University, was recently appointed a publisher of a new chain of weekly newspapers the family has bought to go with their existing media holdings, which include all of New Brunswick's dailies.

So far the Irving have managed to avoid the worrisome ravines that exist over as families become larger and more tangled with each passing generation. They don't have to look far to see an example. Their super-rich neighbours, the McCains of Pittersville, have never fully recovered from the Shakespearean clash of wills between brothers Harrison and Wallace McCain over who should eventually run McCain Foods Ltd., the multinational food processing giant they founded. In theory, the motivation family feud ended

Bryana Ganong and (left) ancestors Whidden, Arthur and Philip in 1956



\$300-million conglomerate run by Hantsport, N.S.—shows no sign of slowing down. The same goes for the third generation of the Sobey family of Stellarton, N.S. Although they're taken their companies public, the Sobeyes still exert boardroom control over \$11-billion Empire Co. Ltd., which holds sprawling grocery, real estate and insurance assets throughout Canada. "The real test for any family-owned business," says Robert Dandane,

before they turned to chocolate. The one-divisioner's new president, Arthur Ganong, by family legend used to eat two pounds of the firm's candy a day. His successor, Bryana's great-uncle Whidden, only scoffed down a pound a day. He still managed to show up for work in St. Stephen for 75 years. That kind of longevity bodes well for the current president, Bryana's dad David, an energetic 58-year-old.

And consider the Irving empire, which K.C. technically handed over to his three sons in 1972 when he moved to Bermuda to avoid the Canadian taxman. In his will, K.C. stipulated that his boys, J.K. (James), Arthur and Jack, also had to live out of the country if they ever wanted to inherit the family business. So far that's no anguish for the boys, all in their twenties now, are going anywhere: James is still chairman of J.D. Irving Ltd., which holds most of the



James B. Irving (right) meets with K.C. generation (above)

when Wallace was ousted as co-CEO in 1994 and demoted to Toronto with his sons Scott and Michael (the latter his candidate to be the next head of McCain). This left Harrison, now 74, free to appoint his nephew Allison McCain—son of his late brother Andrew—as deputy chairman, making him the heir apparent. But Allison has a hard job. Wallace, 72, now chairman and majority shareholder of Maple Leaf Foods Inc., still owns 33 per cent of McCain Foods' shares. And the wounds from the husband are still painful.

No wonder the succession issue preoccupies so many of the region's business families. The goal of the company—not



who ultimately runs things—is what really counts, says Derek Oland, 62, chairman and CEO of Moosehead, Canada's oldest independent brewery. So he recruits the best management experience he can find, no matter what their last name is. The position was Bruce McCubbin, an engineer who joined the company in 1997, and Oland leans heavily on a high-powered board of outside directors that includes former Noranda Inc. president Courtney Pratt and Sir Graham Chip, a Norsk-Semco who ran some of Britain's biggest enterprises and is now chairman of Toronto-based Hydro One Inc.

For now, Derek's two sons—Andrew,

34, sales manager for New Brunswick, and Patrick, 32, manager of financial planning and projects—are just young, up-and-coming Moosehead men trying to make their mark. "I hope one of my sons will succeed me," he says. "But no one should take a job knowing they are going to be the president." The way his sons tell it, that takes the pressure off bearing the Oland name. "We can have successors and believe like other employees," says Andrew, who has a Harvard MBA and started out working in the company's bottling plant. "Bruce has set a precedent for the future: the family can still be the majority shareholder but they don't have to be the managers."

That doesn't mean the Olands intend to relinquish any control—for now. On this subject their thinking is the same as the region's other business clans: going public, besides diluting family control, means the most important corporate goal becomes maximizing short-term shareholder returns. And families that have owned and operated businesses for generations are, most of all, long-term thinkers. It is hard to imagine, for example, a CEO of a \$100-million company standing up at a shareholders' meeting and saying, as Derek Oland did in a recent interview, "We don't want to be the biggest—we want to be around the longest."

Perhaps only in the Maritimes, moreover, might you find a company like Gannco. In trying to expand their markets, the family long felt well they should probably relocate somewhere closer to the action than far-off St. Stephen. But they say they aren't going. "We're made a commitment to us," insists Brynna Gannco, who may one day run the company. "Maybe I don't always make the best sense. But staying here is what we're about. It makes us special." And it may help explain why the family firm still reigns supreme in Atlantic Canada.



Mary Janigan

## It won't stop at softwood

If you want to know where trade relations are heading with the United States, you need only peer at the shingle from a squabble that was sown when Queen Victoria ruled empire. These days, in the wake of a U.S. Commerce Department decision to slap final duties of 28 per cent on Canadian softwood lumber, the two nations are waging a new Cold War.

The U.S. Coalition for Fair Lumber Imports has quietly signalled it would like talks to resume before these duties take effect next month. Ottawa, in turn, is quietly waiting for a clear signal from Washington that this time, the well-funded, sleekly powerful coalition of U.S. logging interests will not have the sayability to veto any potential settlement. Canadian insiders say the two governments were close to a deal last month which guaranteed market access for softwood exports—but the coalition would not accept it. And this lobby has close ties to a U.S. election year. "It's a good thing we're friends," says Larry Lalock, vice-chairman of consulting firm FHQTC Washington and a former federal congressman. "You would have to wonder how we test our enemies. There is a political geographic pattern to these issues—and key Republicans see a niche."

The mid-term elections in November are usually tricky because the two parties are neck-and-neck. The Republicans have a visible edge in the House of Representatives, but Democrats have a one-seat advantage in the Senate. The drive to woo states with falling industries is intense. Last month, partly to protect declining steel mills in West Virginia and Pennsylvania, U.S. President George W. Bush clamped tariffs at high as 30 per cent on steel imports from Europe and Asia. Canada was at least temporarily spared—but if foreign and export tariff tunnelling through Canada into the U.S., we could face similar treatment. And when U.S. Trade Representative Robert Zoellick released his annual report on foreign trade barriers in 52 nations earlier this month, the seven-page section on Canada was laced with diguise: the Canadian Wheat Board restricts competition; the national agency of supply management in eggs, poultry and dairy products restricts imports—and subsidies exports; Canadian cultural policies on everything from broadcasting to telecommunications constitute service barriers. Blatant trade in goods may have totalled \$425 billion last year. But it is not hard to see what's ahead—especially for farm products.

That prospect will not go away when the election is over. Consider the so-called Byrd amendment which took effect in late 2000: it requires that any U.S. duties collected as retaliation for dumping must be given to the firms that filed the anti-dumping complaint. It's virtually an automatic to squawk. "We've played out. The United States has been so nervous," says Craig Alexander, the U.S. economy is improving quickly—and in dollar a minute. Canada already had a trade surplus in goods of about \$96 billion last year with the U.S. "The bottom line is that U.S. businesses are going to face fierce competition from imports," warns Alexander. "Foreign imports may once again drive their market share—which may lead to new allegations by U.S. industries of unfair business practices."

So what do we do? International Trade Minister Pierre Pettigrew remains outwardly serene. "With \$2 billion in trade a day, there will be irritants," he says. "But the relationship is a healthy one." Behind the scenes, industry officials are well aware of election-year politics and have their "anxious act"—so they can intercede with the Commerce Department and Zoellick's office as soon as complaints surface. In the longer term, Alan Alexandroff, research director at the Munk Centre for International Studies, suggests that Canada take a hard look at trade policies that could be changed—even if they are not technically illegal. "When supply management is the same old story of taxpayer behalf of rising domestic interests that want protection," he says. "When do we start thinking about fundamental changes that reduce the prospect of a continuing battle with our key export markets?"

We could start with the abolition of supply management, which adds breathtakingly high consumer prices for real commodities like milk. But most of all Canada should build coalitions with American interests that are also hit by U.S. protectionism. Canada has done this with softwood lumber, reaching out to home builders and lumber yards that rely on softwood imports. These businesses estimate that U.S. duties will add \$151,300 to the price of an average house.

And they're concerned that duties could disrupt imports, which supply one-third of the U.S. market, say finally by getting through to U.S. politicians. "The sector of success in Washington is coalition-building," says FHQTC president Philip Dethle, who served in chief of staff to former U.S. treasury secretary Lloyd Bentsen. "Canadian exporters should find their natural U.S. allies—and coordinate their interests. Compromise can be used to reduce the sting of an initial decision." And there are going to be many stings in the months ahead.

This is an election year in the U.S. So watch for more nasty trade disputes as November approaches

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Donald Coxo

## The worries list

**T**he U.S. economy is stronger than anyone predicted last autumn, without any pickup in inflation. The global economy is also stronger than anyone predicted. Inflation rates worldwide continue to decline. U.S. short-term interest rates are the lowest in four decades, and rates across the Group of Seven industrial nations are close to four-decade lows.

For stock market investing, it doesn't get better than this: strong economies, weak inflation, and lightning interest rates. So why is the stock market so dull, red, flat and unprofitable?

The U.S. stock market started 2002 with a bang, January a traditionally great month for stocks, and investors eagerly rushed into equity mutual funds. The horizon of 9/11 would change this momentum, and the war on terror had been going well.

The first index to fall over was, of course, Nasdaq, dominated by technology stocks. The Dow industrials and the Standard & Poor's 500 rallied in March, but stalled following the arrival of spring.

Most major indexes abroad have trailed sideways this year. The exception (as usual) is Japan, where the Nikkei has been the strongest index in recent weeks. Most analysts have given up trying to explain the Nikkei's behavior. The only unabashedly bullish indexes have been emerging ones, led by the Chinese Kungai in South Korea.

If economic conditions are the stuff of investment bliss, why hasn't the U.S. market led major world indexes into a new bull run? Where's come on company?

**1.** The upcoming determination in the Arab-Israeli dispute alienates investors. It could lead to a widening war in the Mideast and.

**2.** It has been a big factor in driving oil prices sharply higher, a big negative for consumer spending, a step which shareholders fear.

**3.** Gold has revived from its torpor. When oil and gold prices rise together...

**4.** Bondholders get scared that inflation may finally reverse after a two-decade retreat. Even a whiff of inflation is enough to spook the market. The bond sell-off came as many corporations were rushing to issue them. Result: market interest rates have risen significantly, particularly for...

**5.** Technology and telecom bonds, which are sinking in an epidemic of downgrades by rating services, punished by a shortage of orders for equipment and telephone services, and savaged by bond investors who watch the stock market and fear the bonds could be headed for Enronland. Enron has become a day-to-day topic in the stock market as...

**6.** Nervousness about companies are forced to issue their prior year's

earnings which were, it turns out, inflated by accounting practices that are now held in disfavor. The ongoing agony of Arthur Andersen is a daily reminder that...

**7.** The late 1990s were an era of unparalleled exaggeration, obfuscation and deceit in corporate America. Investors got rich beyond the dreams of avarice while...

**8.** Broad investors lost heavily, particularly in their registered savings plans where technology stocks were, for many, the favored vehicle. Although the economy is coming back strongly...

**9.** The excess-capacity excess inventory and excess hype in the technology industry keeps that sector and its ecosystem in a drought of demand. As if Silicon Valley didn't have enough problems of its own making...

**10.** It is losing market share to the new powerhouses in Asia, Asia, where costs are lower and stock options are almost nonexistent. To date, the tech companies haven't responded by...

**11.** Raising in Washington to get emergency tariff protection—the basis of the steel and lumber industries. George W. Bush's opposition to protectionism was a major shock to the stock market, which started wobbling the week that...

**12.** The U.S. announced steel tariffs, the European Union immediately and heavily in the financial press worldwide, and...

**13.** Bush's approval ratings had declined significantly since their post-9/11 high. Many commentators noted that not by long from the new trade wars would be...

**14.** The War on Terror, which created a crisis phase as the U.S. publicly discussed plans to invade Iraq before Saddam Hussein acquiesced nuclear weapons. The continental Europeans had been somewhat unsentimental allies in the Afghanistan campaign, and had expressed great reservations about invading Saddam. Now, they were so worried by Bush's protectionism that the coalition looked to be in serious trouble. And all these problems came when...

**15.** The price-earnings and price-sales ratios on the S&P 500 were near an all-time high.

So the stock market struggles. The good news most companies' earnings are growing again. Total fourth quarter U.S. profits will actually be around upward because of retrospective tax can pass this year. Better days lie ahead.

*Donald Coxo is chairman of Thrive Investment Management in Chicago and of Thrive-based Jones Harvard Investments.*



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Cover



Hidden gems in the hinterland

# PARADISE FOUND

You climb for four hours in lake heat and you reach the alpine lake—serene, sun-bow-coloured, backed by resplendent white peaks, and practically deserted.

Or you slider along an endless muddy trail until, drenched and filthy, you lie flat on your back at the end of the world just before sunset. Or you tramp along a desolate road which shows your car's age and coats your noggin with dust, to be

rewarded by the river's mystical jade pools at the end of the drive.

Unlike most humans now alive and the vast majority of those who've ever trod the earth, we who live in relatively affluent countries are highly mobile creatures, privileged to experience a variety of places. On vacation many of us like to stick to the tried and true—well-known destinations cherished for their scenery,

thrills, amenities, distractions. Others prefer more obscure places, perhaps ones you have to hike, paddle, cycle or fly to, or spots accessible by car but off the beaten tourism track. From sea to shining sea, Canada abounds in these lesser-known treasures. As holiday season approaches, Macdonald showcases six of them, and Dr. Fish writes about some of his own favourites.



The park has a Wild West feel, while the village here just tightens its development.

## WATERTON LAKES

When people think of the Canadian Rockies, their minds turn naturally enough to Banff and Jasper National Parks, which together draw more than six million visitors a year. The railway opened up both areas over a century ago and, in the case of Banff, the trickle of tourists turned into a flood with the arrival of the Trans-Canada Highway in the early 1960s. Yet less than 300 km south of Banff, along the Alberta-Montana border, another Rocky Mountain gem was largely undiscovered. Waterton Lakes National

Park has a Wild West feel to it—a place where the mountains rise abruptly from the rolling grasslands without the benefit of intervening foothills, where elk and deer roam the meadows while grizzlies patrol the jagged peaks above. Here, one still feels like an explorer which, come to think of it, it *is* should be.

John George Brown, one of the first non-Aboriginals to settle in the Waterton area, had it about right. “This is what I have seen in my dreams,” wrote Brown after his first visit in 1865, “but in the country for me.” The Irish-born Brown was as unimpressed as the land he admired. A prospector, whiskey trader and guide, Brown

once scooped for Gen. George Custer but wisely steered clear of a certain place called Little Big Horn. He later moved to Waterton Lakes, opening a trading post and, when the national park was created in 1895, becoming its chief forest ranger. Later, Brown was an early champion of linking the 525-sq.-km Waterton reserve to the much larger Glacier National Park, just across the border in Montana. That dream was realized in 1932 with the creation of the Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park, which allows Canadian and American authorities to co-manage the riparian resources while still honoring their respective parks.

With no railway or major road link northward, Waterton has remained off the beaten track. About 400,000 people currently visit each year, most during the brief summer months (unlike Banff or Jasper, it has no downhill ski resorts to draw the winter crowd). Nearly half the visitors are Americans, grateful for the chance to slip over the border and stretch their money nearly double in value. Of the nonwander, most are Albertans.

The village of Waterton, located along the gleaming shores of Emerald Bay and Upper Waterton Lake, is what Banff must have looked like a few generations ago. There’s a blessed shortage of boutiques and

fast-food chains, and Waterton’s 100 permanent residents seem determined to keep it that way. A community plan adopted two years ago put the kibosh on any additional tourist accommodations—local hotels and motels can now sleep about 1,300 people, and campgrounds another 700—and decreed that all other commercial development must be tightly restricted.

The high life is not what Waterton is about, unless you’re talking

about the view from one of the many wind-blown bluffs. Visitor surveys reveal the most popular pastimes are all decidedly low-key—picnicking, camping and day hikes. My two young sons have their own favourite: scampering up a short, steep trail from the village to the top of Bear’s Hump (they love that name) where, on a clear day, you can see all the way to Montana. As with old John Brown, this is the country far us.

Brian Bergman



## MARGAREE VALLEY

It can be a disconcerting thing to stand in Nova Scotia's Margaree River valley on a clear August night. For if it's possible anywhere to isolate the distilled essence of a single place, it is here, where even a jaded city dweller can experience Cape Breton Island's peculiar soul and overwhelming natural grace. Inside a barn, Buddy MacMaster, his sister Natalie MacMaster and some other fiddle guys fill the room with soaring, continuous Scottish Highland music. The dance floor is a jumble of kids, parents and grandparents—some of them changing shoes two or three times a night as they travel from outside (bare dance) to outside—going through tightly choreographed dance steps that haven't changed since the days of Bonnie Prince Charlie. Outside, a few old-timers could be speaking "The Gaelic" from the old country, Acadian French or even the language of the Mi'kmaq First Nation. Someone might even hand a stranger a bottle. And as the fire starts down your throat you stare off into the distance, at the mix of mountain meadow, hardwood forest, and meandering river, and wonder if this is really North America in the 21st century.

All right, it isn't exactly *Agavepolis*. But there certainly is a frozen-in-the-moment quality to the area, known locally as "The Margaree" and lying halfway up Cape Breton's western coast. No wonder the early settlers fleeing the Highland clearances felt so at home

when they began arriving in the late 1700s. The island's relative isolation—it was connected to the Nova Scotia mainland by a causeway only in 1955—meant that the music and culture they brought stayed pure in Cape Breton even as it became watered down back in Scotland. Nowadays, Buddy MacMaster, the dean of Cape Breton violinists, routinely travels back to the land of his ancestors to demonstrate the true way to play a Scottish rebric-spey, jig or reel. And, on this end of the island, it's also possible to send a Gaelic newspaper, eat a Scottish oxtail or sip what may be North America's only authentic single malt Scotch whisky, distilled 50 km to the south in Milbrook.

Just the ticket, in other words, if you're looking for a hot-spot place, less traveled than the spectacular Cabot Trail to the north, and spiritually removed from the hordes of industrial cows to the east. The Margaree River—gorgeous enough to grace a Canadian stamp—sets the tone. Its pristine water source purr lardens like Upper Margaree, South West Margaree, North East Margaree, Margaree Forks and plain old Margaree before reaching the ocean at picturesque Margaree Harbour. When the salmon are running, usually in June and September, fly fishermen from around the world show up. Make no mistake: they're here to catch fish. But if nothing's biting, there's always a wee dance and perhaps a trace of fiddle music echoing through the hills to soothe their disappointed souls.

John Deffen



Watch a giant's new dance, and perhaps a little of fiddle music, in Glen Valley by Glen Valley

## BAMFIELD INLET

Each summer, cars and campers by the thousands stream off the ferries from continental Canada or Nanaimo or Shawnigan Bay (near Victoria) and head "up-island," as the locals call it: Vancouver Island, that is. At Port Alberni traffic turns west and inland, toward the islands' spine. Just over the crest is Port Alberni at the head of its winding Pacific fjord, Alberni Inlet. Here, most vehicles turn right. Following the paved highway that leads to Pacific Rim National Park, Tofino and Ucluelet.

Most, but not all. Those with a taste for gross adventure go left. Their reward, after two hours of suspension-challenging grind over logging roads, is one of the least-known, most entrancing destinations on the Pacific Coast.

Bamfield Inlet can take as its cue into the south shore of Barkley Sound, one of the several big and spectacular bays that fringe Vancouver Island's west coast (better-known are Noctika and Clayoquot Sounds). Barely 30 m wide at its entrance, the narrow inlet forms a wet-rain street in Bamfield's few hundred permanent residents. Along the west side, an emerald boardwalk hangs over the shoreline, winding past eccentric cottages, tiny art and curio galleries and a bare-chested general store. Across the water, where the road from Port Alberni ends at a boat ramp, a handful of lodges and motels are available to the fishermen and outdoor adventurers who consider Bamfield a secret treasure. Towering rain forest envelops the inlet, casting a green hush over the boats and grumble of its motorized water traffic.

Surrounded by park, crown and Indian reserve land, the glass-clear water of Barkley Sound is as close to unspoiled nature as you'll find within a day's drive of any major Canadian city. In this gem-like setting, it's startling to come across so

much history. The inlet's small community owes its existence, improbably, to the geopolitics of the turn of the 20th century. Commonwealth governments decided they needed a trans-Pacific telegraph cable (the Internet of its day), and selected this remote spot to bring it ashore. The odd cable station is now a biology lab run by five Western universities.

Kapikern putting out from Bamfield for the sheltered Broken Islands—home now only to seals, harbor porpoises, whales, sea lions and seals—crosses Imperial Eagle Channel. Its guard name evokes the high-water mark of the British Empire, which brought explorer James Cook here in 1778. In the silence of the islands today, the imaginative may sense the phantoms of the 4,000 or so Hais-a-sha people who lived here in Cook's time. Divers also come to Barkley Sound, not only for otherworldly kelp forests but also for the many wrecks, some nearly 200 years old, which mark this as the "graveyard of the Pacific."

Ships searching for the narrow entrance to Juan de Fuca Strait—gateway to Vancouver and Seattle—often lose their way in the canyons before radar and satellite navigation, coming to grief in Barkley Sound or against the fierce cliffs lining the 150 km strait. After 126 people died in one shipwreck in 1906, the government cut a rough trail along the coast to give survivors of future wrecks a chance of getting back to civilization. Today, Bamfield is a jumping-off point for many of the 8,000 people each year allowed to escape civilization on the grueling West Coast Trail.

There are other ways of getting to Bamfield than private car. Chancer Boat plans will fly you in. Several days a week a scheduled ferry makes the leisurely and spectacular four-hour trip down the fjord from Port Alberni. Or you can get there as we did, by private boat, anchor snaking down in Bamfield's tiny inner harbour in the golden glow of a September afternoon. The next day we watched two bear cubs shamble across a narrow gravel beach where, minutes earlier, we had played with our dog. Then we went ashore and explored the boardwalk, savouring a touch of civilization in majestic wilderness.

Clara West



Visitors can look for seabirds, harbour porpoises, whales, sea lions and seals





The northern bank of the St. Lawrence River is dotted with unspoiled beaches.

## CHARLEVOIX SHORE

A spectacular, deserted sandy beach where you can find enough driftwood to keep a fire burning all night, drink water from a spring bubbling through the rock cliffs, and camp for free, to be witnessed as dawn by the quacking of wild ducks bobbing in the high tide a few metres away. Such places are increasingly rare, so I guess I should keep mine, at Cap-aux-Canotiers, Que., a secret. But then, there are plenty more of these unspoiled wilderness spots on the northern shore of the St. Lawrence River in the rugged and beautiful Charlevoix region, a 90-minute drive out from Quebec City.

Charlevoix has been bypassed by modern times, and has acute eccentric relevance. It's a repository of the province's past, a place where Quebecers go to rejuvenate where they come from: small, no-loud conveniences, self-sufficient farms, and tiny village ports where *le golfisme*—locally designed and built schooner—used to dock, bringing in produce and carrying off logs to the pulp mills upriver. Charlevoix also stands in scenic ruins of geological history, with its old mountains retreating off by glaciers and high cliffs peeling out into the far-widening St.

Lawrence. It is where the salt water from the Atlantic and the flow of fresh water from the Great Lakes meet and mingle.

Not surprisingly, it is a tourist area. Many people go just for the drive, or to fish for trout in the lakes of the back country. You can do all kinds of outdoor stuff—biking, sea kayaking and, near Tadoussac, whale-watching. Crazy people fly hang-gliders off the cliffs near Bas-Saint-Paul, while even crazier athletes ride bikes up and the down the latter slopes. The food, meanwhile, is fabulous. Many farms specialize in fancy, exotic produce—blue potatoes, unusual tomatoes, unpasteurized goat cheese—favored by the most illustrious chefs of Quebec City and Montreal as well as local restaurants. Charlevoix is the Quebec capital of fancy B & Bs and four-star country inns.

Me, I go there to walk, on coast-to-coast hikes and to do absolutely nothing on secluded beaches like Cap-aux-Canotiers, or to watch the coastguards and belugas from the jagged, wind-swept rocks of Cap-aux-Oies. I might take a few blinks along the old railroad track that strikes at the

foot of the cliffs to get to little coves and bays where one can get lost in the landscape for hours.

I know people who have suffered severe fits of vertigo-induced panic while sitting in a car going down the hill from Les Éboulements to Saint-Joseph-de-la-Rive, in the steep curve where the view opens on Ile-aux-Crocodes down there and the capes of Bas-Saint-Paul, out there, and on the river, where container ships sail out to sea. But believe me, such dizziness is worth it. Park on the federal wharf at Saint-Joseph-de-la-Rive and walk west on the tracks for 50 minutes to my beach. At low tide, the mud flats will let you reach the middle of the St. Lawrence, the bracing perfume of iodine and seaweed filling your nostrils, clay mud oozing between your toes. You pass towering rocks that will be totally submerged in a few hours, the incessant yin-yang of tides constantly reducing the picture around you.

Staring at a rock doing and thinking nothing—I go there, and do that, every year. We all need a place in our ever-changing world where because never seems to shift.

David Audus



Have your suit call my suit and say it doesn't work here anymore.

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With its pretty porches and shops, Bayfield is just this side of quaint. But still charming.

## HURON COUNTY

For many Ontarians, the shores of Lake Huron are more about the past than the present. It's the place where your parents and grandparents spent their summers, in the days of dive boats, hot rains and fuzzy car trips. The place where you and your school friends coloured your own legends during freshly remembered long weekends. The place that everyone who now joins the Friday evening traffic cowl north to cottage country knows, but rarely considers visiting.

Here's a hint: it's the sunsets, stupid. Go spend a warm summer evening sitting on the bluffs overlooking the lake, a drink in your hand, as the fading sun turns the white and pink and set the wide sky aflame, and you'll remember. Remember how it's sometimes possible for things to be in plain view.

It's the mix of sun, sand and history that makes Huron County a choice spot to re-connect with the goodness of the Great Lakes. The shoreline between Grand Bend and Kenosha is dotted with 15 municipally and provincially run beaches and access points to even more secluded parts of "Ontario's West Coast." Turquoise waters, rolling surf and simple space to

stretch out with a book or magazine.

Away from the water, the huge primeval trees and dense bush that the settlers of the 1830s alternately cursed and prized have long since been supplanted by old farms and small towns brimming with heritage buildings. Bayfield's main street, with its pretty brick houses and 1850s shops, is a magnet for American boaters who dock their ship-shaped pleasure craft at the north marina. Just this side of town—ratty bean in dresses and make in nightgowns are in abundant supply—but still charming. On a quieter night, over a pint at the Alston Hotel (1856) or dinner at the upscale Little Inn (1832), you can almost hear the drop of leaves and clatter of buggy wheels.

Godrich, further up the shore, has the mall and the McDonald's, but it too has retained much of its character. Stylish Victorian mansions are strung along

now a historic site—and the excellent local museum, which focuses not one, but two two-headed calves.

The hinter of Beaufort, just outside of town, offers more adult pleasures—peace to go along with the quiet. At the Beaufort Inn & Spa, you can wash the fly fishermen try to come rainbow trout and steelhead from the deep brown pools of the broad Marland River, in a majestic gaze stream on your back.

In Byth, at the renowned summer theatre festival, the bloody saga of the Black Doves plays out under the stars in June. On other nights, you can scarf down a traditional country supper and then feel your mind with indoor productions of award-winning Canadian works such as *The Dancer Boy*. Antiquing, hiking, canoeing, cross-country skiing and snowmobiling in the winter—

Huron County's possibilities run deep.

But at the end of the day, there's only one place to be: Back at the Bluffs, basking in the perfect light as the breeze finally stir and the grass grows cool under your bare feet.

Jonathan Gathwar



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## RIDING MOUNTAIN

**Riding Mountain National Park** is a sort of island. In 2,970 sq km of hills and valleys, forests and meadows, are perched dramatically on the Manitou Escarpment above endless flat farmlands. Lookouts from as high as 300 m (yes, that's mountains by prairie standards) present panoramas of blind wheat fields, set off against the brighter hues of blue, flax and yellow canola flowers. Climbing to the park's plateau at the end of the three-hour drive northwest from Winnipeg is one of those unforgettable moments of arrival. Up from the bright, unbroken country and into the shade, next year's vacation has begun.

What to do with it is up to you. The wilderness preserved when the park was created in 1930 is criss-crossed by 22 trails. One 9-km walk takes you to the cabin where groundhocking conservationist Grey Owl lived for an episode in 1931, working in contact of park rangers. Hiking and horseback riding are traditions in the park; mountain biking is gaining popularity. For those who prefer not to

and horses to equestrian outings, the park's main town, Wanapitei, offers the kind of well-worn cottage country where every breeze is born in search of a screen door to walk through. The town is on Clear Lake, where the water is, as advertised, uncommonly clear. There's canoeing and sailing, and a good beach. Most surprising, perhaps, is the Clear Lake Golf Course, a gem whose front nine was designed by the renowned Stanley Thompson, better known as the architect of the Banff Springs and Jasper Park Lodge links.

The golf course was built in the 1930s. Like most of the park's oldest facilities, largely by so-called "relief workers." Their families of the Great Depression lived in camps, clearing land for roads and cottages, and establishing recreational facilities. Then, during the Second World War, conscientious objectors and prisoners of war enlisted at Riding Mountain did still more work on the park. Among the notable man-made landmarks is the striking 1933 visitor

centre. Stepping into the splendid stone-and-log structure lets the first-time visitor breathe in a sense of a place with a past.

For natural history, too, history, is what most distinguishes Riding Mountain. It is a crossroads of wildlife habitats from eastern, western and northern Canada, ranging from evergreen forests to large meadows. There are hundreds of bird species, and numerous spectacular elk and bunnies. One of the appeals of camping at Lake Lady is that it offers easy access to the nearby bison herd. But while the large animals are a big draw at Riding Mountain, some of my most vivid memories of visiting to a kid involve getting to know common campus critters—even learning to distinguish between the Richardson's ground squirrel and the three-striped ground squirrel that cause mooning food. Maybe it's the mark of a truly memorable destination that the campus attractions lose out in the end to the small pleasures.

John Goshko



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# Go Green.

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The struggle to preserve wildlife. The pollution in the air we breathe. Challenges like these mean it's vital that we, and especially our children, recognize the importance of preserving our environment.

Established in 1990, TD Friends of the Environment Foundation is a non-profit organization funding local Canadian environmental initiatives. So far we have raised \$27 million for over 12,000 local environment projects. TD Bank Financial Group\* donates \$1 million each year to the

TD Friends of the Environment Foundation. We also cover all the Foundation's administrative costs.



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By teaching our children about the environment, we are creating a new generation of environmental guardians. Says Dr. Joe MacKenis, Chair, TD Friends of the Environment Foundation: "I encourage you to inspire our children to protect the natural world." To donate today, visit your local TD Canada Trust branch, call 1-800-877-6103 or, to find out more, log on to [www.td.com/community](http://www.td.com/community). Thank you.



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# Friends of the Environment

*With over \$27 million donated to more than 12,000 local projects, the TD Friends of the Environment Foundation makes a positive impact on the environment. Here are just a few of the stories.*

## Young at heart

**It's ultimately going to be their world, so instilling our children with a love of our environment should be one of our most important goals.**

The TD Friends of the Environment Foundation believes that The Young Naturalists of British Columbia have an excellent approach to environmental education, and provides support for their programs. These boys and girls explore their communities, discover the wonders of nature and work with other environmental groups to develop individual and group initiatives to protect the environment.

The Young Naturalists also hold explorer days to learn from experienced naturalists and gain hands-on experience in such areas as insect studies, bird identification and forest floor observations. In partnering with local environmental groups to educate and inspire future generations, this group's efforts are fully aligned with the foundation's goal of investing in the future of Canadian communities.

## Up on the roof

In our urban centres, rooftop gardens can do a world of good. In Montreal, a project funded by the TD Friends of the Environment Foundation is extending ways to improve the air quality, increase natural habitat and reduce run-off into the sewer system.

The rooftop garden at the YMCA - Notre Dame de Grace will help the participants gain valuable knowledge about the potential for this type of urban enhancement and the propagation of native plant species. McGill University's Department of Agriculture will use the garden to develop innovative growing techniques, such as organic methods and organic fertilizers.

## A nursery tale

There was a time when the Thames River watershed in London, Ontario was an ideal natural habitat. But as the community has grown, it has become increasingly difficult for plants and wildlife to flourish.

Thanks in part to a grant from the TD Friends of the Environment Foundation, the Thames waterways are getting a helping hand from a bootstrapping nursery. The cuttings and seeds it produces will be used to replenish the vegetation along the city's rivers and streams, which is expected to encourage the return of local wildlife. The one-acre nursery will also provide local landscaping and environmental restoration projects with a steady supply of plants and cuttings, leaving a green legacy throughout the region.



Dr. Joe MacKenis has chaired the TD Friends of the Environment Foundation since 1996 and has played a major role in building awareness and support for its work. Dr. MacKenis has an international reputation for his pioneering work in science, business and the environment, and has led 30 major overseas expeditions in the Atlantic and Arctic Oceans. Dr. MacKenis's work has earned him many distinctions, including four honorary doctorates, the Queen's Anniversary Medal and the Order of Canada.

## Off to camp

The Earthkeepers program is an outdoor environmental camp that helps young people appreciate and understand the earth's ecology through active, hands-on learning. By studying environmental issues such as energy conservation and recycling, students discover the human impact on our environment. TD Friends of the Environment Foundation funding sent 41 students from Brookhaven School in Halifax to the Earthkeepers camp.

## Here's how you can Go Green

You can support the TD Friends of the Environment Foundation through automatic monthly donations from any TD Canada Trust cheque or savings account. Every dollar raised in your community will be used for projects in your area, and TD Bank Financial Group donates \$1 million a year to the Foundation. You can donate as little as \$1 a month and change your donation amount at any time. For small donations over \$10, you will receive a registered charitable tax receipt in time for tax season.

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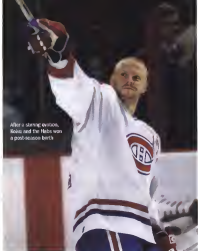
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After a starring season, Koivu and the Habs won a post-season berth.



## Captain courageous

Saku Koivu's return gives Montreal a playoff boost

BY JAMES O'NEILL

**T**he Montreal Canadiens guidebook lists Saku Koivu's height as five-foot-10 and his weight at 181 pounds, which begs a couple of questions: "Was his helmet on when they measured his height?" And did he stand on the scale in full equipment? If you watched the 27-year-old Fin take the ice last week for his first National Hockey League game all season, his hair just beginning to grow in, you'd have to believe his vitals were taken before a on-

Hedgkirk's lymphoma had invaded his belly and four months of chemotherapy had shrunk his already-slight frame. Yet

even while sick, and especially after his treatment, when he was working so hard to get back on the ice, he was an inspiration to a team that had to fight just to grab the final playoff spot in their conference. So you can throw out the guidebook measurements because, with the Canadiens' captain, it's clear that size doesn't matter.

So what if he's not as fiery as Rocket Richard or as commanding as Jean Beliveau. Koivu still fits the mould of legendary Habs captains, the proof being his willingness to face-back his ribs and suit up for the playoffs that start this week. Not that he needed more incentive to hurdle what doctors feared might be a terminal

illness when it was diagnosed last September. Just the same, there's little doubt his determination was fuelled by the hope of replacing the Canadiens when the Stanley Cup was on the line. That playoff spot wasn't given; the winning franchise in hockey history had not qualified for post-season play since 1996. But his teammates did their part, quietly staying in the bank with a string of season-wide victories in the first weeks. And when Koivu did finally return, for a 4-3 home-ice win over Ottawa that clinched a playoff berth, the Molson Centre crowd welcomed him with an eight-minute standing ovation. "The cheering was very emotional," he said after ward. "But it makes me feel good to come back from my cancer so quickly."

Purged-up platitudes are inescapably common in sport, but the sentiment surrounding Koivu's comeback is the real deal. He is respected around the league, especially by the guys with whom he has played. When the bad news about his cancer was announced last September, while Canadian top players were gathered in Calgary for a pre-Olympic meeting, the atmosphere at workouts transformed instantly from fun to funeral. Initial reports were dire, leaving friends and family wondering if he'd survive, let alone play again. So reports were lifted around the NHL when doctors announced in February that his cancer was in full remission. "We bawled each other on the ice," says Toronto winger Shawn Gomez, who once played with Koivu in Montreal. "But I can tell you, every guy in this league is happy to see him back."

In hockey terms, though, the hard part's just starting. The Canadiens finished eighth in the eastern conference, well behind Boston, the team they meet in this week's first round. But there's no dominant team in the east, so everyone, including the middle-of-the-pack Toronto Maple Leafs and Ottawa Senators, has at least a glimmer of hope. And while statistics say none of them can challenge the western conference powerhouses—especially Detroit and Colorado—honesty says underdogs can win with big goals and hard work.

On that basis, the Habs are set. Just Théodore has been brilliant in goal, and now, battle-hardened by the fight for the last post-season berth, the team is further pushed by Koivu's return. So after a long, painful absence, Montreal might finally have something to really cheer about. **B**

## Playwright's progress

Growing up in Toronto, Daniel Goldfieb wanted to live in New York City and write plays. As if leading a charmed life, Goldfieb attended NYU and won a fellowship to be killed for playwrighting. And now, at age 28, he's had two weeks produced. His first play, *Adam Ruess and the Jew Moses*, won the Oppenheimer Award for the best 1998 New York debut. It's also been performed in Miami and Seattle and is now running in Toronto at Carriage. The first act is a fictionalized account of a real conversation between Jewish Hollywood movie mogul Samuel Goldwyn and Oscar-winning, gentle screenwriter Ring Lardner Jr. "Lardner came to our class," says Goldfieb, "and he got on this tangent, saying, 'That reminds me of the time Sam Goldwyn hired me to write a movie about anti-Semitism and got mad because it was too Jewish.' I thought that was fascinating." The second act involves a bar mitzvah for a boy with the unfortunate name Adam Ruess. "I feel like the play will launch his great production," says Goldfieb. "I am hoping Toronto will be the last-run production."



By David W. Newman

## Fourteen years in the making

Many Margaret O'Hara was famous once—her 1988 album, *Mid-Autumn*, turned the music world on its ear and the Toronto musician into a star. But fame did not suit O'Hara. "In myself—my music comes from that. So how can they hate me?" she says, referring to the criticism that comes hand in hand with acclaim. "It hurts me." O'Hara recalls one comment in particular: "That girl belongs in a padded cell." Though she is now amused by some of the reviews, O'Hara remembers more of the bad than the good from her debut. And for the next 14 years, she went underground. Although she released a Christmas recording in 1991, O'Hara mostly appeared only as a guest artist on

other people's albums and performed in smaller venues while still writing songs every day. For O'Hara, who's in her 40s, music must be made but it doesn't necessarily need to be heard. "I stay away from being judged," she says.

Through the delicate rearranging of Toronto film director Bill Robertson, O'Hara was convinced to record the soundtrack for his indie movie, *Apartment Hunting*. "I feel grateful," she says of Robertson's persistence. "It's weird because I wouldn't have done it otherwise." The CD was released in January to glowing reviews. And the experience was so positive, O'Hara is ready to make a third album. After 14 years, she should have lots of material.



## Being Lieut. DeMille

Moving through *Helena DeMille's* current thriller, *Up Country*, alert readers will encounter the bestselling writer himself, lightly disguised as a middle-aged American in a Vietnamese heavy belt. Jeunebois protagonist Paul Brown—the character played by John Travolta in the film version of DeMille's *The General's Daughter*—eyes the American closely before slandering him as just another Vietnam vet, "back to kick the butt in the bush." DeMille is subtly apologetic about his authorial indisposition: "I've never put myself in a book

before," he laughs, "but this one was personal." Personal in that DeMille, 58, like the New York City born son of a Canadian engineer, has also had the Vietnam experience. The full experience—as a U.S. Army lieutenant who won the Bronze Star in 1968, and as a tourist in 1987. Even the plot device that kicks off *Up Country* is straight from DeMille's life.

A letter found on the body of a North Vietnamese soldier recounts the murder of one American officer by another when it surfaced three decades later, the story sends Brown to investigate. Lieut. DeMille too took a letter from a

dead enemy fighter, although that one was a message of manhood from the soldier's girlfriend. In 1967, DeMille was surprised by his powerful reaction to being back in Asia. "I found it more traumatic than combat," he says. "When we stood on the battlefields at the Beach and A Shau, it all came alive again—the fighting as it happened—the guys who died." There were wild dreams afterward, DeMille says, as well as happier results, including "a lot of positive responses to the novel from vets" who say, in effect, "Now I understand my husband better."



# How about ringside seats to a title fight?

## Feed your curiosity.

Five famous Canadians were asked to pick the one book they would love Canada to read together. A Fine Balance, In The Skin Of A Lion, The Handmaid's Tale, The Stone Angel and Whyloah Falls were chosen. Four will be eliminated. One book will win and be read on CBC Radio. Vote for your favourite Canadian novel at [cbc.ca/canadareads](http://cbc.ca/canadareads).

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7:30 PM on As It Happens (Radio One)  
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FILMS BRIAN D. JOHNSON

## Raw sex and sweet salsa

A Mexican hit reinvents the male teen movie; the gross-out chick flick arrives

From *Pretty in Pink* to *American Pie*, we've seen two decades of penis pics about young men overreaching themselves in unlikely places. Comedies about oversized teenage boys have become such a cliché that it's shocking to come across one that isn't. But *Y Tu Mamá También* (And Your Mother Too), which the busy teen flick sees a cult of culturing, makes a strong point with provocative nudity. It's a Mexican road movie about two amigos on an erotic joyride with an older woman, but it's also a lightning cany of sexual manners set against a backdrop of social decay and political controversy. Imagine a marijuana blend of *Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure* and *Jules* with the snail's pace of *Last Tango in Paris*. The sex is raw, and more explicit than anything from the glitzy mainstream of Hollywood. But the film conveys an innocence and charm that seem utterly unexpected.

Finally graduated from high school, Tenoch (Diego Luna) and Julio (Gael García Bernal) are two friends from opposite sides of the social scale in Mexico City. Tenoch, ironically endowed with an Aztec name, is the son of a corrupt millionaire politician; Julio is a middle-class kid with an overworked single mother and an actor sister. The movie opens with back-to-back scenes of frantic copulation in the two boys try to have a reasonable conversation on their respective girlfriends, who are both off to Italy for the summer. Later, at a family wedding, the two boys flirt with an older married woman named Luisa (Maribel Verdú), a Spanish married to a glamorous Mexican. Finally, the boys arrive for a road trip to a remote beach, and to their surprise, she accepts the offer.

For director Alfonso Cuarón, who co-wrote the script with his brother Carlos, *Y Tu Mamá También* is a road movie. Based in New York City, Cuarón is known for rich innocent Hollywood fare as *A*



SB If You want Last Tango

*Little Prince* and *Good Will Hunting*. The new film is his first Mexican feature since his 1991 debut, *Solo con tu pareja* (Only With Your Partner), an AIDS sex farce that ran afoul of government censors. When censors tried to suppress *Y Tu Mamá También*, it became a cause célèbre, and won Mexico's top-grossing film last year. Cuarón, however, says that what really shocked the government wasn't the sex but the politics, and that the other audience in the story is Mexico itself.

Throughout the film, in the corner of the camera's eye, we see disturbing signs of corruption and repression. At the absurdly opulent wedding where the boys meet Luisa, the guests—who include Mexico's president—are almost outnumbered by armed guards. And as the two drive across the country, Cuarón shows documentary-like flashes of police checkpoints, and soldiers handcuffing Indian peasants. Even in the tropical paradise at the end of the road, the local fishermen are about to be displaced by a five-star beach resort, where they'll find jobs in tourism.

Unlike the sex, the politics are never

explicit. They're kept in the background, for us to witness, while the boys remain in their bubble, oblivious to anything but hormonal flux of ego and libido. But we can sense the world closing in, like the dead leaves that cover the pool of their dinner table. And the glimpses of social reality contribute to an undercurrent of self-loathing, setting us up for a final twist that comes as a shock, but not a surprise.

Meanwhile, for those who prefer their sex comedies untempered by reality, Hollywood offers *The Sexiest Thing*, starring Cameron Diaz, Christina Applegate, and Selma Blair, at a new formula beyond the gross-out chick flick. Deceived by Roger Kumble (*Goal*), a womanizer and writer by Nancy M. Pimental (*South Park*), it plays like *Sex and the City* reinvented by the Farrelly brothers. Diaz stars as a career-event photo party girl who takes a road trip to a small town wedding in search of a man who isn't a dick. This is a comedy-pick of jokes in search of a movie. There are a few good penis pics—these days, apparently, nothing is funnier than sex. For as men know all too well, it only goes so far. **B**

BY JOHN HERRIDGE

Whisper-thin, *Rohinton Mistry* does not so much walk into his Toronto publisher's boardroom as materialize there. The writer's movements are so quiet and self-contained, his demeanor so unassuming, that he gives a pondorous appearance of both aloofness and the understated confidence of someone very rich or very powerful. His slacks are neatly pressed, his sports jacket slightly too tight. Behind pensive glasses, his brown eyes gaze out with courtesy and shy, good-mannered humility. Mistry, 49, has just published his eagerly anticipated third novel, *Family Matters* (McClelland & Stewart). It's now been seven years since his second, *A Fine Balance*, won the 1995 Giller Prize, confirming his reputation not just as a rising Canadian literary star—such criticism, after all, are pondorous every year by the dozen—but one with genuine staying power.

Last winter, *A Fine Balance* was selected by Oprah Winfrey's book club, which generated a huge second wave of sales, while his first novel, *Such a Long Journey*, was reprinted in print (once it won a 1991 Governor General Award). And before that, his 1987 story collection, *Tide From Another Bay*, was generous praise. No long struggle preceded these successes: there are no rejection letters and much roadkilling, as Mistry's desk, blessed by a silent inimitable self-editor, the Porchboy, bemoans blood-soaked water has crumbled itself with the same lack of fine words which he craved this room.

Quietly, a spring noon sun is sliding. The best window Mistry's fiction seems works away like the writer cedes about the origins of *Family Matters*, his low-pitched voice turns English into something at once gentler and more fluid—as well as more formally correct—than what most Canadian speak. "As far as I can tell, the novel started with the old man," the author says, referring to the ailing Narsimhan, the central character in *Family Matters*, whose care puts such a burden on his Bombay family. "The very first story I wrote for *Tide From Another Bay* was told to an old man once I think I must have enjoyed doing that, and wanted to do it again."

There's something extraordinary in this admission: The whole sprawling web of

difficulties that engulf Narsimhan's family rise almost as an afterthought out of this organic, technical saga. Mistry might as well have confessed to milking across the Atlantic because he was interested in using a certain kind of realism. It's a measure of Mistry's faith in his talent that he launched his project from such slim beginnings. It's also an indication of how private he is. He works most intently in the suburban house he shares with his schoolteacher wife, Pooja, or even divulges its location. And he's not very keen on questions that try to explain his work in terms of his own biography. Fiction, he maintains, is a matter of imagination and hard work. Writing *Family Matters* he floundered at first, finally rejecting the first person in favour of the kind of omniscient, third-person

that," he concedes with evident discomfort. But he's clearly fascinated by the subject, spending several minutes explaining the various kinds of sacred fire in Zoroastrian places of worship—including one which must be lit with wood, recently struck by lightning. "It can be a long wait," Mistry says dryly.

Born in 1952 to a comfortable, middle-class family, Mistry spent his first 23 years in Bombay, one of four children. At university Mistry bowed to family pressure and studied math and economics—the sort of sensible subjects favoured by the Parsi community. But he did manage rebellion of sorts, growing his hair long and playing his guitar in clubs to the self-styled "Bob Dylan of Bombay." As the writing, the idea simply hadn't occurred. "Writing and

## SALAAM BOMBAY

Rohinton Mistry again recreates his birthplace

remembrance that powers his first two novels. "I have a tendency to want to tell everything," Mistry acknowledges, shyly flashing his brilliant smile, as if chagrined in his own admission.

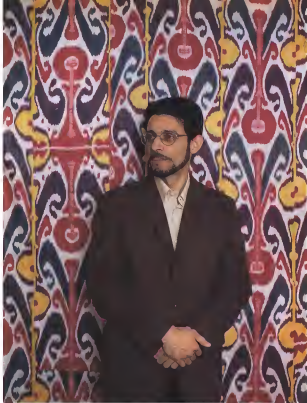
The moment is revealing as modest as the author seems, his focus is anything but. *A Fine Balance*—all 700 pages of the epic—has garnered comparisons with Dickens for its vast array of colorful characters that seem to have been scooped live from Bombay's crowded streets. *Family Matters* focuses more narrowly on the city's lower middle class, and is at its best when showing the stress, the strife, the brother and the unexpected blessings experienced by Narsimhan's daughter Rosina and her family as they look after him in their crowded two-room apartment. Saddled by the cost of drugs to treat the old man's Parkinson's disease, his assistants are only a few rapists away from unimaginable poverty. "There are millions and millions who live like that," Mistry notes. "They don't think in terms of just you or just you, they think in terms of what they're going to eat for tonight's dinner."

It sounds grim, but various totems are visible in *Family Matters*. One is religion. Like Mistry himself, Narsimhan firstly is Parsi, the tiny Indian minority that follows the ancient Persian religion of Zoroastrianism. Does Mistry embrace the faith? "No, I'm afraid I can't say you to

books were such an excited worry, they seemed to fit from my life or experience. So even didn't happen in Bombay, they happened in London or New York. Writing a book was beyond imagining."

After Mistry and his wife immigrated to Canada in 1975, he went to work as a bank clerk. They were comfortable, but something in Mistry was unsettled. He had come to Canada not only for economic reasons, but also for Western books and music. A deepening passion for reading led to night classes in literature and philosophy at the University of Toronto. His essay earned his teachers' praise, and soon he was interesting himself in writing books himself. Then, in 1982, he took a few days off work to compose his story for a campus short fiction contest. "That first story was the least revision of any of my work. I just scribbled it in."

That tale, *Our Sunday*, won the contest and launched Mistry's fictional exploration of his native city. "The separation from Bombay helped make me a writer. It became a challenge to recreate the city, to write down Bombay." Will he ever return about any other place? He doesn't know. "There are things that interest me about the Indian community in this country," he allows. "So, it's possible." But he will say no more. In the intensely private world of Rohinton Mistry, there may be access he keeps even from himself.





He conducts at work

## Building to a crescendo in Montreal

It looks like an operatic finale to one of the most productive partnerships in classical music. After 25 years as artistic director of the Montreal Symphony Orchestra, Claudio Dutoit abruptly resigned his position last week, in the midst of a busy spot with his once loyal musicians. The renowned Swiss conductor, who has led the Quebec orchestra to international prominence—together they've won many top awards, including Grammys and Junos, while releasing more than 75 recordings since his arrival—took leave abruptly at 11:00 a.m., roused by the union representing orchestra members, that his personal management style burdened on the symphony. "It is with great sadness," Dutoit declared in a rare press release, "that following the hostile declarations, I see no other choice but to announce my resignation, effective immediately."

Coming less than two weeks before the

symphony's next scheduled appearance on Apr. 25, the musicians threw the situation into turmoil. Board members held a series of emergency meetings to try to resolve the dispute and ease the conductor back to the podium, at least for the short term. "While trying to make sure that, if Mr. Dutoit leaves, his departure will be managed in a more harmonious way," said Marie-Josée Desrochers, the symphony's director of communications.

But the Quebec Musicians' Guild, which sparked the crisis by threatening to launch legal action against the maestro to block his attempts to fire two members of the orchestra, says his departure is no great loss to those who have had to endure his musical warper lines in the high-stress, high-expectations world of professional classical music. Dutoit stood out, and union president Emile Sabourin, "He coated the line consistently from strong

leadership and demanding excellence to abusive behaviour, making excessive comments and selecting certain people—trying to get them to perform a particular passage over and over until they would finally crack."

The alleged abuse has been going on for more than a decade, and the union had. In 1997, more than 50 symphony members signed a petition asking the orchestra's board to remedy the situation, but no action was taken. A similar request made last fall was also ignored, said Sabourin. The musicians voted to go public with their complaints in a last resort. "I compared it to sort of a battered spouse syndrome," said Sabourin. "You put up with it, you're embarrassed to admit that it's going to you. You want to be a strong person, you don't want to admit that guy is getting under your skin." Several orchestra members, he added, have had to seek medical help to deal with stress and depression caused by the tense atmosphere.

For the moment, Dutoit, who was busy last week conducting a series of concerts with American orchestras, has refused all comment. But relations between the musicians and management have reportedly been worse since a later 1998 general strike. Tensions and misunderstandings have been smoothed since the labour dispute, in part because of contract provisions that forbid the practice of having musicians travel, rehearse and perform all on the same day.

The prospect of Dutoit's departure has many music lovers worried that he might take much of the symphony's laurels with him, and has been greeted with something close to panic in Montreal's cultural community. Claude Garguis, a critic for *Le Press*, wrote that the current scenario is as unthinkable as the two hijacked aircraft that brought down the World Trade Center last September. With Krung Chien, publisher of the Montreal-based *La Sonore* Montreal, a monthly magazine devoted to classical music in Canada, said Dutoit is a "visionary" who put the city's symphony "on the map." "Today, it's probably one of the top 10 orchestras in the world in terms of its leadership and openness," said Chien. "Dutoit will leave a void."

Sabourin admits the musicians are also apprehensive about the future, but will find things have worked out for the best. "Things might be different," he says, "but their mental health will be better."

Jonathan Gershaw

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## Entertainment Notes

### The romance of numbers

Math and an enthralling narrative are not usually spoken of in the same breath, but enthusiasm—and romance—Richard Manikowski has done his best to link the two in *The Story of Mathematics* (McArthur & Co.). Manikowski discusses mankind's oldest science—archaeologists have found a 37,000-year-old calendar made from a notched bone—through the stories of such geniuses as Euclid, Galois. In 1832, broken by a series of misfortunes, including having academics *kill* his manuscript, the 20-year-old Frenchman allowed himself to be killed in a duel. He spent the night before his death scribbling down the essentials of what is now known as Galois theory (a key component of modern algebra), occasionally pausing to write in the margins: "I have no time. I have no time."



### Best-Sellers

Fiction	WEEKS LAST WEEK
1. <b>UNRAID</b> , Greg Gerson (2)	4
2. <b>HARRY POTTER</b> , J.K. Rowling (2)	2
3. <b>DAVE LAURENCE</b> , John Grisham (3)	2
4. <b>ARMISTEAD</b> , Michael Ondaatje (14)	1
5. <b>THE GUNNERS</b> , John Grisham (7)	3
6. <b>THE GUNNERS</b> , John Grisham (7)	3
7. <b>THE FEAR CHAIR</b> , David Gooden (1)	6
8. <b>THE FEAR CHAIR</b> , David Gooden (1)	6
9. <b>THE FEAR CHAIR</b> , David Gooden (1)	6
10. <b>THE FEAR CHAIR</b> , David Gooden (1)	6

### NonFiction

1. <b>GOOD NEWS FOR A CHANGE</b> , David Gooden and John Grisham (1)	2
2. <b>STOMP! STOMP! STOMP!</b> , Michael Ondaatje (1)	1
3. <b>GOOD NEWS FOR A CHANGE</b> , David Gooden and John Grisham (1)	2
4. <b>STOMP! STOMP! STOMP!</b> , Michael Ondaatje (1)	1
5. <b>STOMP! STOMP! STOMP!</b> , Michael Ondaatje (1)	1
6. <b>STOMP! STOMP! STOMP!</b> , Michael Ondaatje (1)	1
7. <b>STOMP! STOMP! STOMP!</b> , Michael Ondaatje (1)	1
8. <b>STOMP! STOMP! STOMP!</b> , Michael Ondaatje (1)	1
9. <b>STOMP! STOMP! STOMP!</b> , Michael Ondaatje (1)	1
10. <b>STOMP! STOMP! STOMP!</b> , Michael Ondaatje (1)	1

(1) Weeks of 1991  
Compiled by Brian Koppelman



For the goodness of grapes, drink a glass a day.



## Love and the closet door

They have a hard time getting it right, these TV open *Ellen* space four seasons atop the ratings, firmly locked in the closet, only to emerge long enough to get cancelled. With *El-Guay* established, *Will's* gayness from episode one, but made the character so skinnish about love that, three years later, he has yet to have a serious relationship. Now comes *Bob and Rose*, a well-written British series currently airing on Showtime, in which an otherwise dyed-in-the-wool gay male becomes smitten with a woman, and the two just having sex. "I fancy men," is how he puts it, "and her."

It's not just Bob pulling this sleight of hand. *Kissing Jesus* Steve, now in theaters, follows an old-fashioned but lovely straight guy who decides, on a lark, to assume a personality as played by a woman seeking same. The two meet, flirt, and do the deed, too.

As a gay man, I've got to rub, does it or not respect the two canons, clearly marked "straight" and "gay" that seemed to have negotiated peace in recent years? With blatant homophobia slowly (if not completely) fading, and gay rights advocates taking a back seat to blending in, are we entering the newest manœuvre in the war of the sexualities?

To be fair to reality, as opposed to these filmmakers' creative depiction of it, the worlds in which *Bob* and *Jesus* live exist almost inseparable for each to check out the other lives. Gay life in *Bob* and *Rose* is a choral record of disco and bad-mouthing, a place to disfigure that Madonna looks predated. Early in *Kissing Jesus* Steve, the title character endures blind dates with essentially so arrogant and lecherous that any sane woman would with the same, in fact, blind to a bit.

Having said that, neither depiction is entirely fair-minded. The dating scene, gay or straight, can be cynical. And according to reports from some female friends, even *Jesus*'s leg into the arms of a woman may ring true while I believe most lesbians are dangerously stumped to women. I know a handful who, after years of the straight dating scene, and endless battles with women, have simply decided there will be no more dealing with the misery.

Yet when it comes to men—straight or gay—call me sexist, but we don't have the same capacity for sexuality. Can you really picture two straight male friends, who graciously enjoy girl-watching, belly laughs and Sunday afternoon football, one day just jumping into bed? Because that's what we're talking about here on *Dino*, I believe, for gay men. Everend

on some of underwear backstories, and you'll soon be convinced that we men want, and don't want, what we don't want. And what we don't want is sex with women.

That said, my initial skepticism about Bob falling for Rose went beyond questions of sex. That's because sexuality is about so much more than sex—which is why people, straight or gay, consistently fall in love, and carve out lives with the same gender of people with whom they like to get horny. It's why being out and proud isn't just about what you do in the bedroom, but also about declaring sexuality as integral to who you are, something that defines someone's choices about how you live your life. So when Bob declares that he's fallen for Rose, I started a useful speculation: Is a world in which bigger tell us that if we just try hard enough, we can change our very being?

Certainly that's how Bob's friends see it. "Do you think I'm mad?" Bob asks his best buddy "No," he replies. "I think you're stupid. I think you're lost." No sounder does Bob find love—the simple guy, as one character describes it, of an ordinary day, turning into something lovely—when he's told he's wrong to find it. Off to the closet with you, and when you get there, pull the door tight, and crush and hold and love yourself. The sure to find wrong and a little bit stupid.

"What do you do to be happy?" Jesus Santa's soon-to-be girlfriend asks her when they first meet. "Nothing," replies Jesus. "I'm not." Until, due to, she lets herself follow her heart. The name for Bob with Rose. Call it alchemy, it also sounds a hell of a lot like chemistry. Or maybe some other branch of science. A half-century ago, Alfred Kinsey theorized that sexuality spans a broad spectrum, on which some people lie somewhere between the poles of straight and gay. It's a notion of sexual fluidity that gays have long applauded as confirmation of their right to be who they are. It's here otherwise gay Bob, falling for a woman, and my first reaction was, "You've got to choose: gay or straight, or are there?"

Which makes me wonder: Why does everybody who wants to love somebody have to turn the right to do so? Who cares, really, what the sex of us think? Someone found the right one for them, and held on tight. They demanded, in fact, that everyone else respect their decision to let love rule the day. How perfectly gay is that?

*Journalist Victor Dwyer has no doubts about being gay.*

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